PRICE 10 CENTS 16 SEPTEMBER, 1893

The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Prof. A. Hall 1894
Drury College Grounds

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

FOUR things a man must
learn to do
If he would make his
record true:
To think without confusion
clearly;
To love his fellow-men sin-
cerely;
To act from honest motives
purely;
To trust in God and Heaven
securely.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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New York City

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Students desiring admission should meet the Faculty in the President's room, No. 700 Park Avenue, at 9:30 A.M.
Rooms will be drawn at 2 P.M.
On Thursday, Sept. 28, at 4 P.M., the Inauguration of Prof. ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT, D.D., as Washburn Professor of Church History, will take place in Adams Chapel.
Dr. McGiffert will deliver his inaugural address and the charge will be given by the Rev. J. M. Ludlow, D.D.
Prompt attendance upon the opening exercises is important.
Luggage should be directed to 50 E. 70th St.

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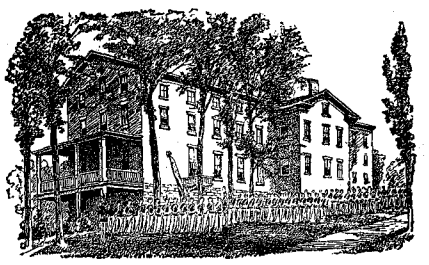

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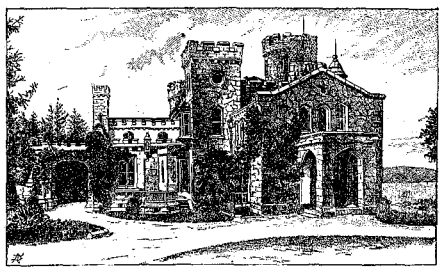

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A Moravian school for girls and young women. 100th year begins Sept. 13th. Careful supervision. Liberal course and rational methods of instruction.
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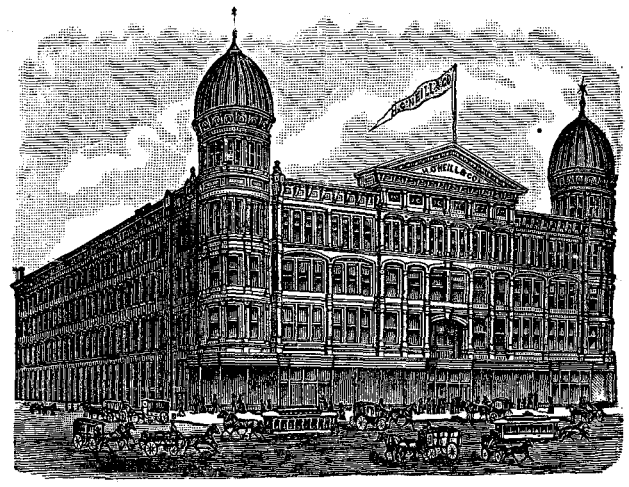

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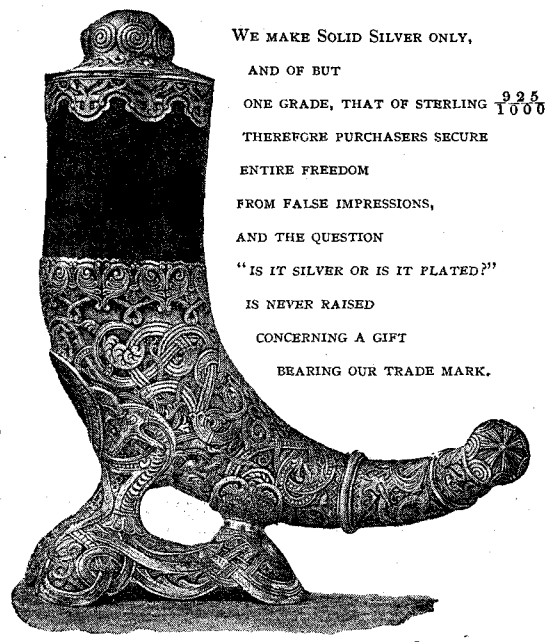

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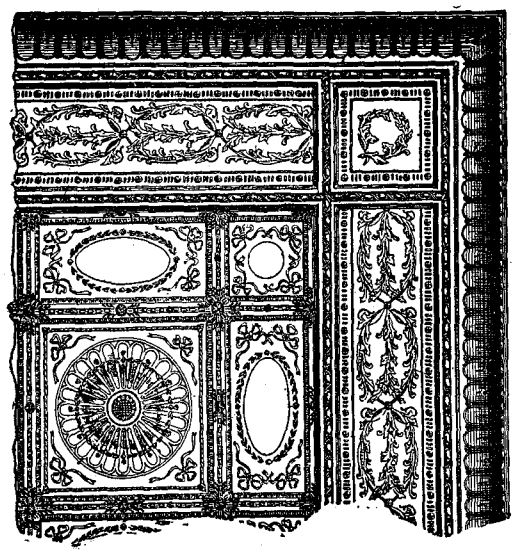

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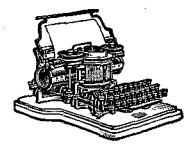

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Volume 48 For Week ending 16 September, 1893 Number 12

The Week

THE Senate debate on silver last week related in a large measure to what took place back in 1873, when silver was demonetized. Senator Sherman had brought this question to the front in his speech the week before, when he showed from the record that he himself had voted against the act which demonetized silver, while Senator Stewart, of Nevada, had voted for it. In arraigning the Senator from Nevada Senator Sherman made a mistake, for that gentleman had no difficulty in showing to the Senate last week that the act of 1873 which demonetized silver was nominally one for the codification of the coinage laws, and that new legislation was not supposed to be introduced into a codifying act unless the attention of both houses was called to the change. The act was, of course, an exceedingly long one, and no Congressman could be held responsible for not having noticed the few lines first omitted and then inserted by which silver was demonetized. The debate which took place in the Senate in 1873 was upon the minor point whether the mints should charge three-tenths of one per cent. for coinage, or coin free. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, who introduced the codifying act into the House, expressly stated that the principal change proposed related to certain officials of the mint. In 1876, when the knowledge of the great change that had been made, and its consequences, had become apparent, Mr. Kelley introduced the bill to restore silver to its old place in the coinage, and permit greenbacks to be payable in the gold or silver which they promised. Not only have a great many Members of Congress stated that they voted for the codifying act not knowing the great change it made, but so careful a political economist as President Walker has recently written that the bill had been a law for several months before he ever heard of this feature in it. The debate shows that a few members of Congress did know that the single standard was established, but even they attached no importance to it, for the country was then using neither gold nor silver, and the bullion value of a silver dollar had for many years been $1.03 in gold, the price offered by the French mints. Only a few experts were aware of the legislation against silver which had just been entered upon by European nations, and which has resulted in making the debts of Christendom payable in gold alone. The codifying act was drafted by experts, and upon them the responsibility for its wording rests. Inasmuch as the resulting wrongs were not foreseen, even these experts are not to be charged with participation in "crime."

❀

The new rules reported last week by the House Committee afforded ex-Speaker Reed a fine opportunity for good-natured raillery, and needless to say he made good use of it. The Democratic Committee had not, indeed, followed so far in the footsteps of the "Czar" as to give the Speaker the right to declare any motion dilatory but it had secured the same end by authorizing the Committee on Rules to meet at any time during the session of the House, and report a proposition to shut off debate, which the House must act upon immediately. Instead of authorizing the Speaker to count members as present who were present but refused to vote in order to prevent a quorum, the new rules require every member who is present to vote unless excused upon his own statement that he is interested in the pending measure. Several other rules were proposed to expedite business, including one to the effect that one hundred should constitute a quorum of the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Reed congratulated the Democrats upon the rapidity with which they were learning the lessons he had tried to teach while occupying the chair of the House. The Democratic leaders answered that there was all the difference in the world between authorizing a single man to declare motions dilatory, and authorizing the majority of the House to so declare them; but the natural Republican reply to this was that the Speaker represented the majority of the House quite as much as the Committee upon Rules. Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, declared that with the new rules he would undertake "to stop the reading of the Journal to-morrow morning and stop all business for the rest of the session unless the Committee on Rules takes a hand." If the Committee upon Rules favors any measure, filibustering against it can be stopped at any time; but if this Committee does not favor the measure, filibustering against it can go on indefinitely. A good many Democrats realized the inconsistency between their denunciation of Mr. Reed's rules and their acceptance of those proposed by the House Committee, and these succeeded in preventing the adoption of the rule making one hundred a quorum of the Committee of the Whole.

❀

Ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish, who died on Thursday of last week, at the age of eighty-five, was a New York political leader of a type that is, unhappily, of recent years becoming rare in this State. By this we do not mean to refer only to the fact that during his long service as Congressman, Governor, United States Senator, and Secretary of State, no one ever dreamed of attributing corrupt motives to his actions, but rather to the fact that his whole political career was on a high level of personal dignity, and his conduct as a public man was absolutely free from those petty intrigues and personal ambitions of the baser sort that have been only too common in the careers of recent New York politicians. Hamilton Fish came of old and distinguished stock; as a lawyer he rose rapidly at the bar; he entered Congress in 1841; his election as Governor of the State took place in 1848, when he received the remarkable majority of 30,000. A year later he entered the United States Senate. During the Civil War Mr. Fish

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took an active part in encouraging the prosecution of the war, and he was regarded by President Lincoln as one of the men to whom he could confidently turn for aid and suggestions. After the war Mr. Fish fell out of view as a public man in great measure until, in 1869, General Grant appointed him Secretary of State. As a Cabinet officer he had problems of unusual difficulty and delicacy to solve, and it was the universal judgment of well-informed men of both parties that his conduct of the Northwestern boundary question, the Virginius affair, and the negotiation of the Treaty of Washington should be ranked among the most important achievements of American statesmanship, and among those of the highest permanent value. Mr. Fish also had a great deal to do with the Alabama arbitration; it was at his suggestion that President Grant appointed Judge Nelson among the Commissioners of the United States, and he also strongly urged the choice of Mr. Evarts as counsel and Mr. Charles Francis Adams as arbitrator. In all his public actions Mr. Fish was careful to abstain from even the appearance of blustering or sensationalism. Indeed, President Grant, who ranked him as the best Secretary of State the country had had since Marcy's time, said that, in his aversion to doing anything that appeared to be striving for effect, Mr. Fish "was so straight that I have sometimes thought he leaned backward." In his later years Mr. Fish occupied himself chiefly with his private affairs and with the interests of several charitable and educational institutions on whose boards he held office.

❀

The reports of the death of Emin Pasha (Dr. Emil Schnitzer) have been finally confirmed beyond doubt by letters received from an officer of Emin's expedition. This officer also sends to England a box of Emin's dispatches, written just before his death, which will probably tell the story of his expedition up to nearly the time of his murder. This murder took place in October last, at a place called Kironga-Ronga, in the valley of the Congo. With all his men, Emin was slaughtered by Arabs under the leadership of Said bin Abed. The attack was sudden, and the cause of Said's enmity is said to be the execution of three Arabs by Emin not far from the Victoria Nyanza Lake. The impression as to the character and capacity of Emin Pasha which is left after reading what is known of his last expedition is altogether different from that obtained by reading Mr. Stanley's last book. There Emin was represented as vacillating and with little strength of mind. Immediately after Stanley brought him to the coast—very much against his will, on the whole—Emin met with a severe accident which it was thought would put an end forever to his services as a scientist and explorer. Very soon after, however, the news was printed that he had recovered in part and that he had organized an expedition to the Victoria Nyanza for the purpose of establishing a station there and of exploring the western portion of the German territory in East Africa. We know already that this purpose was carried out with very great ability and extraordinary courage. In 1891 Emin crossed the line dividing the German territory from the Congo Free State and explored the Mfumbiro Mountains, never before visited by white men. His further journeys included a trip to the south of the Albert Edward Lake and to the country west of Albert Nyanza. It was in this latter region that he is supposed to have executed the Arabs belonging to the troop of the slave-dealer Said, who in revenge long after murdered the explorer, and, it is believed, gave his body to the Maneyema cannibals to eat. The whole story of Emin's explorations in 1891 and 1892 will probably be given to the public before long. Enough is already known about them to make it certain that Emin Pasha deserves to rank with the very greatest of African explorers, both as regards personal courage and persistence and as regards the value of the information obtained by him for the use of the world at large.

❀

A very curious condition of affairs exists just now at Rio Janeiro. The insurgent movement which showed its strength in the navy about two months ago in the revolt of Admiral Wandenkolk has become general, and the rebel fleet is now lying before Rio Janeiro. The fleet has threatened to bombard the city, but the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries in Brazil, including Minister Thompson, of the United States, have remonstrated with such urgency against the bombardment that the revolutionary squadron has so far abstained from any hostile action. In the city itself martial law has been proclaimed. The United States has recognized the serious nature of the situation, and the possibility of complications with this country, so far as to send the cruiser Newark to Rio Janeiro in haste. The Charleston is believed to be already there. It is generally supposed that the motive of the insurgent naval officers is chiefly sympathy with Admiral Wandenkolk, who is about to be put on his trial for high treason, rather than political disaffection toward President Peixoto, who was chosen after the defeat of the dictator Fonseca with the full consent of the army and navy. Their action will, however, certainly give great encouragement to the revolutionists in the province of Rio Grande do Sul.

❀

In the current number of the "Forum" Mr. John Graham Brooks gives a comprehensible account of the workings of the compulsory insurance laws of Germany. To-day 13,000,000 laborers are actually insured against sickness, accident, invalidity, and old age. The laws providing for insurance against sickness and accident are giving satisfaction; the law providing for insurance against invalidity and old age is not giving satisfaction, and in Bavaria a petition against it has been signed by more than 250,000 people. This last act defines "invalidity" as inability to earn one-sixth of the usual wage, and does not pension "old age" except when the traditional threescore and ten years have been completed. Owing to the accident insurance law, there is much less litigation now than formerly with regard to damages. These are usually settled by arbitration boards. One splendid effect of the new laws has been to bring the best expert medical science into the systematic service of the working class. "In the large iron industry of the southwest of Germany," says Mr. Brooks, "the specialists of the first rank are in constant demand by the Trade Association. This means that an entirely different means of health restoration and preservation is slowly but surely being established among the laboring classes." A report just issued by the bureau in Dresden shows that 305,000 cases of sickness had been cared for by physicians at a cost of $350,000. There was an average of five visits from the doctor for each case. This cost of medical service is marvelously small; but it must be remembered that in our haphazard system we pay doctors not so much for the time they are working as for the time they are not at work, and still more for the long period during which they and their less successful competitors were waiting for a practice. This Dresden report also shows that in 95,000 cases of sickness the laborers received support in money, food, etc., equal to $450,000. The essential principle of the German law, says Mr. Brooks, differs fundamentally from that of the poor-laws of England and America. At the heart of our system is to be found the philosophy which Pitt expressed in the sentence: "No public relief should

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be regarded as honorable." The German law assumes that "whatever adds hopefulness and a sense of security to those on the verge of poverty will be far more certain to inspire in them the active energies of self-help than any motives which spring from fear and disgrace." The German principle as thus stated is certainly the Christian principle. No society calling itself Christian can refuse help to the victims of accident and disease, or make the acceptance of help in such cases a stigma.

❀

Mr. C. B. Tillinghast, who has been Custodian of the State Library of Massachusetts since 1879, and Chairman of the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission since its creation in 1890, contributes a significant article to the September issue of the "Forum," entitled "Books and Readers in Public Libraries." The work of the Commission, as will be recalled, consists in extending slight State aid to country towns ready to appropriate small sums for a public library, and in assisting the local authorities in the selection of books. Mr. Tillinghast has thus had unusual opportunities for getting at the facts of the subject he discusses. He finds that the principal patrons of the country library are the young people, the people of mature years being, presumably, too tired from hard work to care for anything more exacting than a newspaper. For this reason there is small demand in the country library for books on the science of agriculture, which is directly the opposite of what one would expect. He also finds that, eliminating the large class of special students frequenting city libraries, "a larger proportion of the people will read books of a high class in the country town than in the great city." The country library, in the books it contains, indicates "a tendency to healthy and useful literature." The stimulus of the modern illustrated magazine on popular taste is noticeable in the demand "not for picture-books merely, but for books with illustrations which really elucidate and explain the text." The almost universal report is that bound volumes of illustrated magazines are in continual use. Books of biography, and especially of autobiography—giving "the peculiarities or eccentricities of those who have accomplished something in the world"—rival the novel in popularity. An illustration is the "Personal Memoirs of General Grant," which, despite its wide sale, is in constant demand. While interest in ancient or mediæval history has fallen off compared with a generation ago, the interest in modern and American history is on the increase. "It is the personality of history which attracts the attention of young people to-day," comments Mr. Tillinghast. The picturesqueness of China and Japan is also attractive, and books descriptive of the quaint life there are noticeably popular. "The reading public of to-day like real incidents," those "of the life of which they have some experience." This is illustrated by the fact that "in all our seacoast towns there is an insatiate demand for voyages and books that deal with the sea."

❀

It is satisfactory to find that the prominence which nature-study has received of late in the public schools has produced an appreciable effect on the reading tastes of young people. Books "which tell in simple, untechnical language the story of birds, animals, plants, and other natural objects which fall under the personal observation of the reader," are coming into more general use. This tendency does not stop here. Mr. Tillinghast is gratified to note that "the charming works of delightful observers like John Burroughs are gradually finding an enlarged circle of readers." After so much that is encouraging, it is discouraging to be told that "the good old classics of English literature," the works distinguished primarily for beauty of style, are losing their hold on the popular taste. Perhaps the new effort to develop and cultivate "style" in our schools and colleges may in time set this right. Of course fiction is in popularity far ahead of other kinds of reading. "Nearly three-fourths of the circulation of the average reading library is composed of the lighter fiction." The most popular book to-day is still the old-time favorite, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Other favorites of a former generation—books whose very names may be unfamiliar to many Outlook readers—"seem to have a perennial vitality," and continue to be widely read—such books as "The Lamplighter," "Queechy," and "The Wide, Wide World." On the other hand, books which have had a great run, of which "Looking Backward" and "Robert Elsmere" are types, cease in time to be very much called for. "Ben-Hur," "Lorna Doone," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Marble Faun" everywhere hold their own near the top of lists of books in demand. "The number of those who read Scott is increasing, while the number of the readers of Dickens is diminishing;" Mr. Tillinghast ignores in this connection all reference to Thackeray. The general tone of Mr. Tillinghast's article is distinctly encouraging to all believers in the usefulness of the public library. It is accomplishing, on this showing, even more than its friends are accustomed to claim for it. Mr. Tillinghast adds this very timely word of counsel: "Experience demonstrates that the modern library, to be of use to the largest number of people, must be free. The smallest fee for the use of books is fatal to their general circulation."

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GENERAL NEWS.—The Yorkshire miners now engaged in the great strike were guilty of rioting last week, and destroyed many buildings belonging to the mines; it is reported that two or three of the rioters were killed by the troops who finally dispersed the mobs, which were estimated to number ten thousand men.——Single cases of cholera have occurred in London and Hull, England, and in several new places on the Continent; in Russia the epidemic seems to increase in severity, in Italy and southern France to decrease; the German authorities have officially declared the Rhine to be infected by cholera, and have taken measures to prevent the use of the river water for any purpose; there have been no new cases of cholera at New York Quarantine or elsewhere in this country.——Letters have been received from Lieutenant Peary, who successfully landed with his expedition at Bowdoin Bay, on the west coast of Greenland, on August 3; the prospects of the expedition are in every way encouraging, and all of the party are well.——Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, has issued an appeal to the people of the United States for aid on behalf of the sufferers from the hurricane which devastated the sea islands off the Carolinas.——The Pan-American Medical Congress, which closed its sessions last week, adopted a resolution urging the suspension of emigration to this country from ports infected by cholera.——Mr. John S. Dwight, one of the oldest American musical critics, and well known by all interested in the promotion of musical culture in this country, died on Tuesday of last week at Boston.——It is stated that capitalists of good standing have offered to build an underground rapid transit road in New York under the conditions formerly laid down by the Rapid Transit Commission.——A girl baby was born to President and Mrs. Cleveland on Saturday afternoon last—the first child of a President ever born in the White House.——The attendance at the World's Fair last

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week was 1,119,689, or more than the whole attendance during the month of May.——A bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives extending the time for registration under the Geary Anti-Chinese Law until September 7 next year, at the same time modifying the stringency of the conditions imposed by the bill.——The yacht Vigilant has been the victor in the trial races to determine what American boat should be selected to sail against the English Valkyrie in the race for the America's cup.

For Information Only

We desire in this article to tell the unexpert reader what is the present currency problem, what are the different views respecting it, and what is the view of The Outlook. If we are to do this briefly and simply, we must leave out of account minor divergencies of opinion, and classify somewhat imperfectly in order that we may classify at all.

Money serves two purposes: it is a medium of exchange and it is a standard of value.

It is a medium of exchange. At first men exchange their properties without any medium. School-boys "swap" jackknives. Because this method is always inconvenient and often impracticable, money is invented. This money may be wampum, beads, silver, gold, paper—anything which the community agree to give and take in exchange for their properties. In this country money as a medium of exchange consists of gold, silver, and promises to pay gold or silver. Exchange is further facilitated by promises to pay money—checks, promissory notes, and other forms of credit.

But this medium of exchange must have some fixed value. Theoretically that value might be given simply by a general agreement of the community determining its value. As we agree that a given number of inches shall constitute a foot, or a given number of cubic inches a quart, so we might agree that paper notes of a given number should be printed by the Government, and these paper notes should constitute our medium of exchange. This is what we did do during the Civil War. But experience is supposed to have proved—in our judgment it has proved—that mankind is not yet wise enough to know how much of such money should be printed, nor could we have any adequate assurance that the limit agreed upon would be adhered to. The length of a foot is measured mathematically, and remains always the same; but the value of a gold, a silver, or a paper dollar—that is, its power to buy bread or clothes or fuel—depends largely upon what estimate people put upon the probable future power of that dollar to buy bread or clothes or fuel; it is, therefore, necessarily more or less variable in value. For this reason experience has demonstrated that this medium of exchange should not depend wholly upon the agreement of the community to use it as money, but should have cost some commensurate labor to produce it, and should have some value independently of its use as a medium of exchange. This something which it has cost some labor to produce, and which the community generally agree to accept in exchange for the various products of their labor, becomes, as a result of this agreement, a standard of value. Exactly as all silk is measured by the yard, that is, by what the people have agreed shall be called a yard, so all values are measured by coin, that is, by what the people have agreed shall be regarded as coin.

The whole commercial world has agreed to regard silver, or gold, or both, as coin—that is, as a standard of value, by which to estimate all other values, and especially by which to limit the amount of money which can be used as a medium of exchange. The monometallist believes in using either silver or gold exclusively as a standard. Generally the monometallist of to-day is a gold monometallist. He has no objection to using silver also as money, that is, a medium of exchange, but he desires to measure its value by gold—that is, by the amount of coined gold which at any time people in the community are willing to give for it. The bimetallist believes in using gold and silver interchangeably as a standard. That is, he believes in measuring all other products of industry by the amount of either coined gold or coined silver which at any given time people in the community are willing to give for them. The monometallist generally thinks that a double standard is impossible in the nature of things; that, whatever Government may say or do, the people will always either measure the value of silver by gold or the value of gold by silver. The bimetallist thinks that a double standard is entirely practicable; that a simple agreement by the community to coin both gold and silver, and to use the coin interchangeably as a medium of exchange, will keep the coined metals of equivalent value for all purposes of exchange.

Substantially all the civilized nations of the earth to-day have adopted gold monometallism; that is, they have adopted gold as the standard by which to measure all other values; they use silver only as a medium of exchange, not as a standard of value. But an increasing majority of the scholars, both in this country and in Europe, including most of the younger men, are bimetallists; that is, they believe that it is both practicable and wise to use gold and silver interchangeably as a standard of value.

In this country, in the current debates, students of this subject are divided into four parties.

First: Gold monometallists, who believe in using gold exclusively as a standard of value, and silver, if at all, only as a means of exchange. Second: Silver monometallists, who think that silver would be a fairer and juster measure or standard of value than gold. Third: International bimetallists, who believe in using gold and silver interchangeably as a standard of value, but who do not think that it is prudent to attempt to do this without the concurrent action of other nations. Fourth: National bimetallists, who believe that this country alone is large enough to establish bimetallism, and that it is both right and expedient for us to set the example for other nations to follow. Perhaps we ought to add to this list—Fifth: Greenbackers, who believe that a simple agreement on the part of the people of the United States to print a definitely limited amount of paper money, increasing its amount with the increase of population and business, would suffice to constitute such paper money a standard of value, without any gold or silver.

We advise our readers to disregard the vague talk about "honest money" and the virulent abuse of "gold bugs" and "silver kings," which have obscured the currency question. Doubtless self-interest, on this as on all questions, influences men's judgments; but the overwhelming mass of American people desire "honest money"—that is, an invariable standard of values. They differ on the question whether gold or silver, or gold and silver used interchangeably, will most nearly approximate the invariable standard which they desire.

The Outlook believes in bimetallism—that is, it believes that the double standard is both desirable and practicable. But for this Nation to attempt to maintain a double standard in spite of the concurrent action of all the nations with which we have commercial relations would be an

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extremely hazardous experiment; to do this by a bare majority vote, against the opinions of nearly one-half of the Nation, and against the strong convictions of an overwhelming majority of those on whose confidence in the National financial policy the credit system largely depends, would add greatly to the hazard of such an experiment. There is, therefore, in our judgment, no course at present open to conservative bimetallists in this country except to unite in urging the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act, which does not really give bimetallism, and then to frame some measure to secure such an increase of the currency in silver, or paper, or both, for our domestic commerce, as our constantly increasing population and business require—and await the teaching of events.

But of this we shall have more to say hereafter.

The House of Lords and the Electorate

At last the Home Rule Bill is clear of Parliament, and has met the fate which has long been threatening it in the House of Lords. The measure was introduced to the House of Commons on the 13th of February, and between then and the 1st of September, when it was read a third time and was sent to the House of Lords, it had occupied the House of Commons for eighty-two days; or, counting seven and a half hours as the average time which intervenes between the conclusion of the preliminary business and the adjournment of the sitting at midnight, something like six hundred hours. And now that the House of Lords has rejected the measure, the bill, if it is to become law, will have to be reintroduced in the House of Commons in another session, and debated all over again, just as though it had never been heard of in the session of 1893. The noteworthy point in the final division in the House of Commons was the majority. It numbered, as we noted last week, thirty-four—eight less than the majority by which the bill was sent to the committee stage. These figures show that between the second reading and the final stages in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone lost four of his supporters.

The House of Lords took just a week to discuss and reject the measure on which the House of Commons had spent almost the entire session. Lord Spencer, who was Viceroy of Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's 1880–1885 Administration, proposed the second reading of the bill in the House of Lords, where its rejection was moved by the Duke of Devonshire, who, as Lord Hartington, was another of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in the same Administration. The Home Rulers are weak in numbers and weak in debating strength in the Upper Chamber; and the only speeches of note in support of the bill came from Lord Rosebery, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lord Herschell, the Lord Chancellor. Lord Rosebery's was as energetic and as thoroughgoing in support of the bill as Lord Salisbury's subsequent speech was against it; but for the Home Rulers the Lord Chancellor's speech was a little embarrassing; for he plainly told the House that he was not in agreement with Mr. Gladstone on the question of the retention of the Irish Members—a remarkable admission for a man who is still of the Cabinet. The Duke of Devonshire's case against the bill was the one which he and other leading Unionists have put forward in the constituencies ever since it became certain that the bill would reach the House of Lords. This was that the measure was bad in principle and in detail; that it had not undergone the discussion in the House of Commons which its importance and the magnitude of the issues raised by it demanded; and, finally, that the House of Lords had no knowledge, and could have no knowledge, that either the principle or the details of the measure had commanded the assent of the majority in the constituencies. If the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are included in the enumeration, there are 541 Members of the House of Lords. Of these, 460 were in their places on Friday night—including nearly all the twenty-seven Bishops—and 419 of them indorsed the Duke of Devonshire's view of the Home Rule Bill, and voted for its rejection. The minority which voted for the bill was 41—less than one-fourth the number of Members now in the House of Lords who owe their presence there to other causes than hereditary descent. It is stated that fifty of the peers who voted against the bill were obliged to sign the roll for the first time before voting.

What Mr. Gladstone will do now that the Lords have rejected the bill is not difficult to foretell. He will endeavor to hold on at Westminster as long as possible, and seek to turn the approaching autumn session to account by passing one or perhaps two of the Radical measures which are now pending before the House of Commons. The bill amending the Employers' Liability Act of 1880 on lines demanded by the Labor Members will be one of these; for, besides the demand of the Labor Members for this measure, it is much in its favor that it has already been before the Grand Committee on Law, and may be sent through its final stages in the House of Commons in the course of two or three sittings. The other measure will be either the Parish Councils Bill or the bill reforming the present cumbersome and antiquated system of registering Parliamentary voters. Either measure will make drastic changes in the interests of the democracy. There can be no doubt as to what Mr. Gladstone will do. The only question is how far his endeavors to ward off a dissolution will be successful. Recent precedents are in favor of a dissolution under conditions like those which now exist at Westminster. It is not necessary to go further back than 1868, when the bill for disestablishing the Irish Church was before Parliament, to cite one of these precedents. On that occasion, to quote from a speech Mr. Gladstone made to his own constituents in 1879, "Parliament was dissolved upon the question. The country from one end of it to the other considered it fully, made up its mind, and returned a Parliament with a vast majority empowered to speak and act for them in this matter." This is the course which Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionists are demanding shall be adopted now that the House of Lords has thrown out the Home Rule Bill. What they insist upon is that the electors shall consider Home Rule fully, and consider it apart from any other question whatever, and then make up their minds.

Mr. Gladstone is not disposed to accede to the Unionist demand, and for reasons which are apparent. It would be greatly to his disadvantage to go to the country with nothing but the Home Rule Bill to show for the long session's work; and then in addition there are important strategic reasons against an immediate dissolution. If a general election were immediately to follow the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the Unionist peers, it could not take place until supply and the remaining routine business of the House of Commons had been got out of the way. The present session cannot be wound up until the end of September, and this would mean that the general election would take place in the closing weeks of October. By that time the register of electors now in force all over the country would be sixteen months old, and nothing is more fatal to the prospects of the Radicals in a general

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election than a fight on an old electoral register. As a rule, the rank and file of the Conservative and Unionist party are of the middle classes, and are people who are not much inclined to move from house to house and from one constituency to another. On the other hand, the working classes, who form the bulk of the Radical electors, are more or less always on the move; the conditions of their work necessitate much of this movement; and as trade has been exceedingly bad in England since the existing register was made up in July last year, the number of working-class removals has been abnormally large.

Now that the House of Lords has thrown out the Home Rule Bill, it will beyond doubt take the same course with each and every Radical measure which may be passed in the House of Commons in the autumn session. But if Mr. Gladstone, heedless of the fate which is awaiting the Employers' Liability Bill, and the new Registration Bill, and the Parish Councils Bill, in the House of Lords, carries them through the House of Commons, he will add to his legislative achievements, broaden the case of the Democracy against the Upper Chamber, and at least delay the general election until the new register is in force. At the last general election the Unionists fixed the date for the fight, and chose it with a view to their own interest. Mr. Gladstone will suit himself in fixing the time for the next dissolution, and he may be relied upon not to call the fight on a register which is a year and a half old.

President Storrs's Letter

Dr. R. S. Storrs, the President of the American Board, in an open letter in the last issue of the "Independent," declares himself "frankly and clearly" in defense of the rejection of Mr. Noyes by the Prudential Committee. The defense justifies the "minute of April 11" as "necessary," "that it might not be felt that we were striking in the face repeated previous decisions made by the Committee whose servants we were;" regrets that Mr. Noyes did not accept the appointment without further explanations, thus "saying in effect, 'I will not recur to the past. Let bygones be bygones;'" and defends the subsequent action of the Committee in withdrawing the provisional appointment and suspending all further action, putting his defense upon the ground that any other course would have been not "to represent the Board, but to overrule it." The Board, in Dr. Storrs's judgment, has formally disapproved the appointment of Mr. Noyes so long as he entertains a "reasonable hope" that the love of God in Christ Jesus will be revealed to the heathen before their destinies are inevitably fixed, and the Committee has no authority to appoint him unless the Board formally reverses its previous action.

It can hardly be necessary for us to say that we dissent from the positions taken by Dr. Storrs in every particular. We think the tone and spirit of the minute of April 11 entirely unjustifiable. We think it could not have been more astutely drawn if the definite purpose of its author were to make it impossible for Mr. Noyes to receive the appointment, and yet throw the burden of the refusal upon him. We think that if the Prudential Committee desired to let bygones be bygones, they should have set Mr. Noyes the example; they should not have carefully raised that past from the oblivion in which the churches were willing to let it lie, and have raised it only to misrepresent and misreport the opinions of Mr. Noyes. We think the Board has never, directly or indirectly, passed judgment on the appointment of Mr. Noyes. We think that the general resolution of the Board cautioning the Committee against "the committal of the Board to the approval" of the doctrine of probation after death cannot be legitimately construed into a prohibition of the appointment as missionary of one holding Mr. Noyes's views. We think that the resolution of October 6, 1892, explicitly directing the Committee to take in the case of Mr. Noyes "such action as seems best for the interest of the mission," gave the Committee all the authority it required, and, so far as Mr. Noyes was concerned, by a well-known principle of jurisprudence, modified, if it did not repeal, any previous legislation inconsistent with his appointment, if any such legislation existed. And, finally, we think it clear that any conceivable injury to the cause of missions abroad or the unity of Christian fellowship at home, which fear could apprehend as possible to result from his appointment, cannot for a moment be weighed in the balance against the injury to both resulting from this action of a local Committee, overruling, first, the action of a representative Council; secondly, the unanimous vote of the Japanese mission; thirdly, the apparent wish of the Congregational churches as voiced by their most representative organ, as implied by the general spirit and action of the last meeting of the National Council, and as, unfortunately too vaguely, indicated by the action of the Board itself in its meeting last fall in Chicago.

Dr. Storrs suggests that the Prudential Committee may advantageously be enlarged so as to include representative men from other sections of the country, and be made more than a local committee. But the only argument he adduces in favor of this plan is that it will serve to allay the dissatisfaction with the administration of the present Committee. It is clear that this compromise—for as such Dr. Storrs apparently proposes it—will not satisfy the conservatives. President Thwing, of Cleveland, had previously urged it through the columns of the "Congregationalist," and had sent his article to a number of persons to ask their judgment upon it, and the "Independent" has denounced the plan so proposed as immoral. "We have had enough," it says, "of such talk, such morality, such secret maneuvering; and it is high time to stop it." The plan will give as little satisfaction to the liberals. They might welcome it as a means of administrative reform, but not as a settlement of the present issue. There are but three things left for the liberals to do. First, to call for a direct and explicit vote at Worcester directing the appointment of Mr. Noyes to the Japanese mission. Second, to call for such changes in the personnel of the Committee at Boston, and of the executive officers, as will give in both places men who are in sympathy with the catholic spirit which dominates the other missionary societies of the Congregational body. Third, failing in this, to secure a provisional committee and appeal directly to those churches and givers who are not in sympathy with the spirit which now controls the administration of the Board, to send their gifts directly to the field, or possibly, through such committee, to take charge of such gifts and forward them to the field, for the continuance and enlargement of that work which the present policy of the Prudential Committee is gradually, but surely and fatally, constricting. What has been done in one instance, by the creation of the Noyes mission, should be done by concerted action, provided the appeal at Worcester for a reversal of the policy of the present Committee fails of success. Such an organization should be provisional, not permanent, and there is good reason to believe that it would not need to be long maintained.

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Heredity and Circumstances

By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D.[1]

MAN appears to be the product of three forces—his will, heredity, and circumstances. It seems to the writer that the will must be considered an original creative power within the domain of morals. It is difficult to explain otherwise social phenomena. The human will introduces an element of uncertainty which makes it impossible that the social sciences should ever attain the precision of the mathematical sciences. There are certain regularities, most instructive and most important, which can be traced, and to which we may give the term social laws; but these laws are, it is held, different in many respects from those of the physical sciences, and one cause of the difference is the will of man.

We must, in our social studies, take account of the human will and the nature of man. Recent progress in political economy is due to some extent to the introduction of psychological considerations. It has been well said that some of the chief objections to radical Socialism are psychological in their nature.

While this is true, and while we must take the mind of man as a basis, it is important to trace the influence of the two other forces, which are, in fact, by no means entirely distinct from the first, but help to make the first what it is. The precise relations between these various forces cannot be described, but there are certain general considerations of importance which may be advanced. A historical retrospect is useful at the present time.

One hundred years ago it was held that men by nature were free and equal, and that inequalities were due to artificial circumstances. Adam Smith bases his social philosophy upon the doctrine of essential equality. He tells us that the difference between the bricklayer and the great statesman must be traced to environment. If the bricklayer had had the early training of the statesman and the statesman the early training of the bricklayer, they would exchange positions. The beneficent order of nature underlies his teachings, and the regulations and restraints of government seem to be in his mind the chief cause of injurious differences among men. Let government cease to interfere, and each man will seek his own interests and will be able to guard his own interests. At times, indeed, Adam Smith appears to forget what he admits in places, namely, that early surroundings and training have made men unequal, because his recommendations of social reform frequently presuppose actual equality of men in strength and resources.

The philosophy of essential equality, which found passionate expression in the Declaration of Independence in the same year in which Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" appeared, was a prominent feature of the social philosophy of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Many carried it much further than Adam Smith. Jean Jacques Rousseau gave out the watchword "Return to Nature," because he held that man would thus escape from the maleficent artificial circumstances which caused all social ills.

Another step was taken early in this century by Robert Owen. Robert Owen, as is well known, was in his day one of the leading manufacturers of England, and was so successful that he became known as the "Prince of Cotton-spinners." He acquired a large fortune, became a communist, and conducted social experiments which consumed his entire fortune. Robert Owen taught that man was essentially the product of circumstances. The differences in religion and social position he traced to his doctrine of circumstances. He differed with Adam Smith because he never forgot present inequalities, most unjust as he maintained, which he traced to differences in surroundings, promoting one individual and degrading another. These circumstances which made men what they were, he held, could be and should be socially controlled, and the result of wise control would be a race of men as nearly perfect as the conditions of life on our planet permit.

Robert Owen conducted experiments among his own employees at New Lanark in Scotland, which attracted the attention of the civilized world. Nobles and princes visited New Lanark, and praised highly his good work. It cannot be denied that, when all possible deductions are made for exaggeration, his experiments were most remarkable. It may not be too much to use of them that expression which is so often abused, namely, "epoch-making." He had to work on poor material, the offscouring almost of Great Britain, and, by wise educational measures and a healthful environment, he established a community in which harmony and love reigned to such an extent that the expression of admiration was general. The good manners and kindly disposition of children in their mutual intercourse was often remarked. The kindergarten and factory legislation can be traced to the efforts of Robert Owen, and the present socialistic movement in England, as well as the co-operative movement of that country, acknowledges connection with him.

The doctrine of circumstances as advanced by Owen is one which emphasizes very strongly social responsibility. Society, and not the individual, he held, is responsible for pauperism and crime and all personal shortcomings. Society naturally was inclined to reject this immense weight of responsibility forced upon it.

Another step was taken when the doctrine of heredity was advanced by workers in natural science and others. This doctrine sought to explain individual character and fortune very largely by a reference to ancestry. Man is what he is, it was claimed, because he has had such and such forefathers. This is a doctrine which tends to lessen social responsibility. It is a more aristocratic doctrine than that of circumstances. Many facts have been brought forward in substantiation of this doctrine. The experience in the breeding of lower animals was one which most naturally occurred to those thinking earnestly upon heredity. Various social studies which have been made tend, at first blush, at any rate, to emphasize heredity. All those who have given attention to crime and pauperism in the United States are familiar with the story of the Jukes, so well told by Richard Dugdale. To Margaret, "The Mother of Criminals," can be traced numerous pauper and criminal descendants who have, all told, cost the State of New York millions of dollars. The "Tribe of Ishmael" is the name given in Indiana to the many descendants of two or three persons weak in body, mind, and character. These descendants fill the hospitals and jails in the neighborhood of Indianapolis. A city missionary in Berlin has traced to two sisters, who lived not long ago, paupers, prostitutes, thieves, murderers. The descendants of these two sisters have served hundreds of years in prison. A most remarkable social experiment was conducted in Oneida, N. Y., which, on account of the delicacy of the subject, has never received the scientific attention which it deserves. At this place there was a communistic settlement, composed very largely of able and highly educated men, who attempted to apply strictly scientific principles in the breeding of men. Dr. Ely van de Walker, of New York City, has given some attention to the subject, and he pronounces the result quite remarkable. It is claimed that the children born are far above the average, in their physical qualities at least.

Further thought appears to bring a reaction in favor of environment. The facts of social parasitism could not be long observed before it became apparent that heredity brings circumstances with it. Are the resulting crime and pauperism due to heredity, or to the circumstances which unfortunate heredity brings in its train, or to both? Experimentation on a considerable scale has given a partial

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answer. The Children's Aid Society of New York and other similar agencies have changed the circumstances of those whose heredity was unfortunate, and the outcome has been changed character in the vast majority of cases; probably it is safe to say in nine out of ten cases. Thousands of children born of the worst parents have been taken from surroundings in the slums of cities which would have made of them paupers, prostitutes, and criminals, and they have become useful and honorable citizens. With some degree of certainty it can be predicted that the circumstances of the worst slums mean to the child brought up in them ruin, and perhaps with quite as great a degree of certainty it can be predicted that a change to an altogether favorable environment will mean social salvation. If heredity is, in such cases, as it may be admitted, an adverse force which must be overcome, yet favorable circumstances are sufficient to overcome it, and circumstances have by far the greater weight.

Recent studies of heredity appear also to give less importance to it, on the whole, than earlier ones. It is now frequently asserted by scientists that acquired qualities cannot be transmitted. An English economist says of Weismann, whose essays upon heredity are well known, that he has reopened the case for Socialism. What he means is this: Socialism lays emphasis almost entirely upon circumstances, and Weismann's investigations have so emphasized the importance of circumstances as opposed to heredity that once more the case for Socialism requires discussion before the bar of public opinion.

The present views, perhaps, are best expressed by the words *social solidarity*. All men are bound together in their material and moral well-being. Man lives to himself in no respect. The salvation of his soul is not purely an individual process. Material and social environment of men have a large influence upon their well-being in every respect. Man cannot acquire a fortune in a desert or even in a fruitful land if he lives alone, nor can he as an isolated human being ever attain any heights of moral excellence. It is generally admitted that there are those whose circumstances are so unfavorable that, taking men as they are, there is no reason whatever to expect that they can be redeemed until their circumstances are changed. Methodists, Episcopalians, leaders of the Salvation Army, all tell us that among the poorest and most degraded a social reformer must precede, or at least accompany, the evangelist. At the same time the human will is recognized, because it is admitted that, with favorable circumstances, an appeal must be made to man's free agency; that he must be brought to resolve upon right action. Individual responsibility can scarcely be said to be lessened. If it is lessened at all, it is lessened for those who are so low down that they scarcely feel their responsibility for their position. Social responsibility, on the other hand, is immensely strengthened, and as members of society we must all feel the weight of this responsibility. Social responsibility in the end becomes the responsibility of individuals, and it is on this account that many feel inclined to reject the doctrine of social solidarity. They cry out, like Cain of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But their indignant protests can no more remove their responsibility than could Cain's denial alter the fact that he was his brother's keeper.

Consciousness of ignorance is no small part of knowledge. —*St. Jerome.*

A map does not exhibit a more distinct view of the situation and boundaries of every country than its news does a picture of the genius and morals of its inhabitants.—*Goldsmith.*

It is said that Dr. Andrew Bonar began a sermon to his people, on one Sunday morning, in the following way: "Once upon a time a congregation asked their minister to give them strong meat. Next Sabbath he preached on the duty of Christian giving. And they sent him no more requests for strong meat."—*Wesleyan Advocate.*

A New England Graveyard

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

There is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry; . . . and, somehow, they seem to stretch to suit a great grief and shrink to fit a small one.—*Hawthorne.*

Cradled among the loveliest of hills, resting in their very center as in the hollow of a hand, lies a New England graveyard with an unpretentious entrance—a time-worn wooden gate, and an earth roadway striking in unexpectedly from an old elm-lined street. Clustering about the gate, the spreading branches of other elm-trees screen the road's destination, their small leaves clothing yet not concealing the strong boughs' outlines as a diaphanous robe might drape a graceful form. Near the gateway stands a rude shed, from which the town hearse has been rolled into the sunshine—for a funeral to-day, perhaps. The thought of a new grave seems an impertinence among these ancient tombs, as a new patent of nobility among those long ennobled. The summer rains have softened and the winter storms have beaten down the mounds to a grass level. You may walk among the worn headstones with a lighter step, perhaps, but earth has been earth too long to hold part sacred. The grass has grown up long and thick. You read that "Mrs. Thankfull, wife of Judah Dickson, died aged twenty years," but your head must lie as low as hers and you must part a green veil of verdure before learning that "of four children she alone survived infancy, and from infancy she was an orphan. To the sympathy due to one thus early bereft of near kindred and home she imparted peculiar interest; for she was equally amiable and intelligent."

All these stilted phrases and barely twenty years old—only just a wife, perhaps! The minister of the village wrote that epitaph, beyond a doubt. But those two lines below, so worn that to decipher them you must trace the letters with your finger, as the blind read—who wrote these words of quaint pathos?

Though all the world forget beside
'Tis meet that I remember still.

How pleasant to lie in the cool grass with the warm sun shining down from the warmer blue above, and, with your chin propped on your hands, vivid life without and within, your blood quick in your veins, read how another lived and breathed and loved and ended, poor thing, a hundred years ago!

The next stone stands so near that you may reach it without rising. The feel of the earth is good, as the crawling beasts of the field know. Move forward as they, and part the veiling grass to read Martha Pryor's message to the world she left:

Reader you also shortly muſt
Be ſtripped of life and turned to duſt.

Let the grass spring back. Martha is not the gentle Thankfull. You will think of all this some day; yes, but not at Martha's bidding, with its spice of venom—not with the spell of the joy of living on you!

Move on to that stone near which a small, three-leaved, clover-like plant nods a negative with you, shaking its wind-swung head from side to side on its slender stem.

"Sufa Ingraham" lies here—her tombstone rough-hewn from the hills, its back unfinished as the cut-off life which the carven front tells of. The stone has sunk sideways into the ground, which adds to its look of decrepitude. The inscription can be read, but with difficulty:

The blooming cheek, the ſp-
arkling eye From Death's ar-
rest could not save me
Youth and beauty

—are where the rest of the inscription is hid, doubtless. If under the mold there "Sufa," as Martha, compares her state with ours to be, kindly Mother Nature has taken from her Martha's privilege, and stopped her lips with earth.

How denunciatory they are, these old tombs—aggressively warning in their cry of doom!

Daniel Roswell, from under his carven urn, draped with

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a switch of drooping willow, sternly sounds his note of warning:

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear
Repent! thy end is nigh,
Death at the furthest can't be far,
O think—before thou die!

And Elijah Warner, brooded over by a watchful cherub, impossible and dreary, with eyes bulging from their sockets, tells of his too early death in the same awful voice:

Youth, can'st thou heedless view
The relics of the dead:
O think; beneath your feet
There lies your own likeness.

And then, most awful,

Elisha Grey 2nd,
Who quit this dufky
Stage in the 81th. year
of his age, Which
was on Oct^{r} 18, 1790.
My children dear, this place draw near
A Father's grave you fee;
Not long ago I was with you
And foon you'll be with me.

There is in all these a note of ghoulish desire to bring the warm and living to the cold dead, and "soon you'll be with me" rings with it creepingly. It rouses a spirit of revolt. You turn away sharply to a stone a little apart from the rest, set on a grassy hillside—sweet, short grass, green and soothing to the eye and touch. This is a double stone. "Anfiel Bolton" lies here; beside him, Jane, his wife. Stooping, you read this beneath his name:

Tender were his feelings,
The Christian was his friend,
Honest were his dealings,
And peaceful was his end.

And beneath her name:

The beneficence of her heart, the diligence of her hands, the pious influence of her lips, and her liberality to the poor will be remembered when this monument has yielded to the——

The last words have already yielded, as all must yield in time, but what need of more? Lying here, a little apart from those others, the pious influence of her lips and the tenderness of his feelings still live, healing, restful, and strong.

Did they suffer a little, this tender pair, among their neighbors? Did they sometimes speak of it together, lamenting gently that Martha had a biting tongue or Elisha a hard heart, and then repent their lamenting? You move away softly, leaving them together in their peaceful end.

A little higher up the hill lies "Abraham Dean," a baby almost two hundred years old! His moundless grave is the softest resting-place, and you sit there, leaning your back, wearied with bending, against his little carved footstone. Poor baby! did you find New England two hundred years ago too harsh a spot for you? Was the soft earth kinder?

Catherine Grace, wife of the Rev'd Ebenezer Grace and relict of Nathaniel Ware.

You move to your feet to read the rest of this inscription, and find a strange story in stone. Oh, cold, unjealous grave! Catherine lies rigidly between the man to whom she was wife and the man of whom she was relict. The three stones stand there upright, harmoniously, unfeelingly together.

Three stones!—there are four. Ah, Nathaniel Ware, you do not lie there unavenged. Catherine, your relict, lies at Ebenezer Grace's left side, as at your right, truly; but whose name is that at Ebenezer's right hand?

Julia, beloved wife of the
Rev'd Ebenezer Grace.

Last of the four to die. Were the valley of dry bones to live, what then?

Out there in the town they will tell you the story of the minister's second wooing. Others of his calling, passing through Boston Town, spoke much of a Mistress Julia, finding her amiable, sprightly, yet pious and delectable to the sight. Ebenezer Grace made a journey to Boston Town and sought her father, Mistress Julia yet unseen. What an inflammable generation it was! We of to-day call them staid, serious, and cold, but who now lives on a description, and wooes by faith in it!

Perhaps it struck much-courted Mistress Julia's father as impetuous, or this quiet minister's pretensions may have amused him somewhat. He had no encouragement to offer. To his personal knowledge, Julia had made three vows. She would never wed a man of the country, a widower, or a clergyman.

"I am all three," quoth Ebenezer Grace; "and so I will enter, with your permission." Thus it came about that Mistress Julia lies, with a certain demure complacence to one who knows her story, at Ebenezer Grace's right hand in the little village churchyard.

Wandering in and out among these ancient stones, you find a few inscriptions which, escaping the Puritan sternness, narrow as the grave, rise above it to a certain grandeur of thought. Here, for instance, is one which reads as a rude litany, and rings with the triumph of a certain faith:

Long I've believed
God's power to fave
Cheerful when called
Go to the grave.
My flesh in duft
Shall be his care
And he will raise
Me ftrong and fair.

In the gentle, musical phrases of Lois Levin's epitaph there is but the voice of a natural regret for a young life laid down in its springtime. She had known but eighteen years one hundred springs ago, when this was written:

Stay thoughtful mourner hither led
To weep and mingle with the dead
Pity the maid who slumbers here
And pay the tributary tear.
Thy feet must wander far to find
A fairer form, a lovelier mind
An eye that beams a sweeter smile
A bosom more estranged from guile
A heart with kinder paſsions warmed
A life with fewer stains deformed
A death with deeper sighs confeſsed,
A memory more beloved and bleſsed.

But there is one inscription which stands widely apart from all the rest in spirit, or rather soars high above them, thoughtful among the narrow, spiritual among the sordid, calm-minded and just. He who lies beneath held a fair and well-earned post of honor among his fellows, as his tablet tells:

This modest stone what few vain marbles can
May truly say here lies an honest man
Calmly he looked on either life and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear.
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt rose satisfy^{d}
Thanked Heaven that he had lived and that he died

Fanaticism has striven to darken your day and dull this sunshine, this joy and pride of life in your veins. You have smiled as the dead warned gruesomely of doom and worms and tombs, and then one word of honest, wholesome thought strikes like an arrow in the gold of your mind. Has the lightest mind its gold hid away somewhere, awaiting the well-feathered shaft?

"Nature's temp'rate feast"—you feel the tempered splendor of the sun. In the softness of the many-blended hues of the green, in the girdling circle of undulating hills held in a strong-drawn line on the horizon's edge, are the calm power of the unbroken laws of life and nature.

Turning thoughtfully aside, you see again the diaphanous, graceful leaves draping yet not concealing the strong boughs of the elm-trees clustering about the graveyard gate.

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An Old Colony Parish

By N. H. Chamberlain

I wish to write down the plain facts and history of an Old Colony Pilgrim country parish; what it has done and what it has come to in its more than two hundred and fifty years of religious work. If I can, I wish to give an object-lesson to all those sincere searchers after the best forms and methods of that Christianity which they all accept, but about the administration of which they are not agreed. The parish is a thoroughly representative one. I do not mention the name, to avoid offense. If I did, your readers would recognize it as a parish honorably and intimately connected with the more ancient history of Puritanism, both here and in England. My own claim to write bases itself on the facts that through my family connections I have heard parts of its story of at least one hundred and fifty years last past, and, though not of its communion, I have all my life maintained an affectionate interest in its fortunes.

This parish was always, and remains, Calvinistic. It was never troubled either with Quakers or Anabaptists. It has never had, and has not to-day, any other religious organization within its limits. In the rough, it is about three miles square, and was once larger. It has always been a thriving agricultural community, and has not to-day a single factory of any sort, and, I think, never had. Its people have always been well-to-do, and, except by accident or misfortune, it has never bred a criminal or a pauper. At times it has had more than its share of able and educated men, and its people are rather above the average intelligence of its neighbors. It has never had a clerical scandal. Of its sixteen ministers (nine of whom have appeared on the stage since 1836) some were able men with long pastorates. Its first four ministers had pastorates of 28, 47, 46½, and 28 years respectively. Of the nine later parsons, since 1836, one served 20 years. The average service for all is 15 years. Thus it will be perceived that this parish has been well served clerically.

In the face of these facts, what is the religious status of the parish and the population it has tried to serve for two hundred and fifty years? The present population is, say, 1,200, and the church membership is exactly 62! Now here, I submit, is a very grave situation to any man sincerely desiring the welfare of his fellows, whether he profess the Christian religion or regard the matter from merely a philanthropic standpoint. And worse lies behind. The parish church will hardly hold 300, when packed; is seldom more than half filled; and it is doubtful if more than one man in five, or perhaps ten, ever enters its doors except by accident or the compulsion of a funeral. Worst of all, between its churched and unchurched people there is, and always has been, a great gulf fixed, and the cleavage between the two parties is deep, traditional, historical. Belief or unbelief, so called, runs through its families and generations. What is the matter? How came all this fallacy and disaster on somebody's part?

I should hardly venture to ask your readers to hear my answer were I not quite sure that in telling the story of this parish I am recounting the history of ten thousand others like it, where Protestant Christianity in the United States has wrestled with men for generations, and wrestled with like results. Religion can be made the defendant only so far as it can be shown to have neglected its functions, to have mistaken the way of cure, and by that mistake to have aggravated the very evils which its plain mission is to ameliorate or remove. I trace back cause and effect in the parish history thus: First, with the incoming of the Puritan or Pilgrim here, there somehow appeared men neither religious nor Puritan, though why such men came with such religious enthusiasts it might, at the first glance, seem hard to say. Unruly servants, apprentices, venturesome and wandering spirits, and people kindred to the zealous colonists but malrelated to their religion, made up a part, and men eager for trade and sometimes wild for gain helped swell the numbers. So much the records of the two mother colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay clearly show. Besides these was a class (not small, nor of inferior character and social station) whose Puritanism, while on its intellectual side it appreciated the blessings of religious and political liberty, so far running level, at least on its surface, with the best, still left untouched that English blood and its stirrings—the real undercurrents of that human being called an Englishman—which have been always showing themselves in rather maimed fashions in New England civilization. Bear-baitings, village ales, merrymakings in the churchyards on Sundays, May-poles and dance, had, indeed, passed away; but the temper which had created them remained. It was this temper and these national tastes, bred by many generations in Englishmen, which lent to other graver and organic forces a powerful hand in the restoration to a throne of that scurrilous race of the Stuarts, as against the splendid and lofty republicanism of men like Pym and Cromwell and Milton. Such men here, in the country parish precincts especially, were naturally aliens from the stern and rigid ecclesiasticism, so subversive of festivity and frivolity; and while the law and trend of the Puritan society were too strong to be openly resisted, they always maintained a recalcitrant temper, and were ill at ease with the prevalent theology, especially when put into social practices. The quarrel was intensified by the attempted supremacy of church members over other citizens, especially in the matter of suffrage, as the wrangle in the days of Winthrop and Thomas Dudley shows; and, while the suffrage was soon broadened, church members remained indeed, by law and social custom, a privileged class in a hundred ways. Thus the gulf between the elect and non-elect broadened and deepened. The Church, according to its very exact and granitic creed, could not modify itself if it would, and there were those of an implacable temper frequenting the courts of the Lord who would not give any relief to these recalcitrants if they could. So the minority went to church when they could not help it; to the tavern and its boon companionship as the law and their purse allowed it; sang some songs, no doubt, not set to psalm tunes; grew loose or rabid in religious opinions; became an off color in the social life of their times, and, as they dared, the especial enemy of "the standing order" of Calvinism, and were, in the eyes of the dominant religion, the Les Mandets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of our New England life. They accepted the situation and resigned themselves, and both parties usually lie together now in our old burying-grounds.

I must add to this attempted analysis of these two parties in our parish precincts the fact that our War of Revolution, bringing in as it did a French army to camp side by side with American soldiers from all over the thirteen colonies, and the French radical doctrines of men like Voltaire and Rousseau, quickened this unchurched minority into a more bitter animosity against the Church, and a more acute dissent from its theology. They were undoubtedly divided, as Tories or Whigs, between the King's supporters and the Colonies', but it was simply human nature that some should remain loyal, not because they loved the King, but because they hated bitterly the popes of their own parish precincts. Very few Puritan church members were Tories. Since the War of Revolution the history of the old New England parishes, like the one I am writing of, is a mere epitome of the prevalent intellectual and moral forces of the times, with a parentage such as I have now partly explained. If there was any epoch in this later evolution, it was when the so-called Unitarian Controversy finally divided New England Congregationalism, to reunite it, perhaps, sometime on a more catholic basis. Children of such a genesis, then, and the great majority of the people of this parish, appear to-day upon the scene as having no church affiliations, nor wishing any. The acrid wrangle and phraseology of the Tom Paine school are now seldom heard from any of them. They have passed the days when they thought it worth while to dispute with "the standing order," and what any ecclesiastical society may now do or say is so remote from any real interest of theirs, as they understand the same, that what goes on in the parish meeting-house is to them as though it were not. The repose of their unchurched condition is profound.

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There is apparently no vibration of their nature either towards or against any organized religion. Very likely, if this repose were sharply assailed, as in the old days, by compulsory laws and a renewed social ostracism, they would resist very much as their forefathers did, and become bitter again. As that cannot happen, thanks to our absolute liberty to have a religion or go without one, this present large majority of the unchurched simply live without one, nor show any sign of ever expecting to have one.

Two questions force themselves to the front of all this. 1. Who is to blame? 2. What, if any, is the remedy? For my own part, I have tried to state, not to blame. I may think, for instance, that if Christianity had touched these people from the start with the great loving heart of the Master—had applied its fatherly and motherly elements to heal, not hurt; if brotherly love, which thinketh no evil and is kind, had with the wayward and the self-willed taken the place of arrogance and accusation, the result might have been very different. But that would be only saying that if New England history had been entirely otherwise from what it is, to-day's New England might show something else in its religious status than it does. It is an idle question to moot in the face of the facts I have tried to elucidate. I simply accept the situation, and ask if there is any real remedy.

For, if my analysis has been correct, both Christians and patriots must agree that a remedy should be had. In a republic whose very corner-stone must be the right ethics of the people, and among Christians who hold that the best ethics yet evolved base themselves on the teachings of the Nazarene, there must be a solid agreement that it is of the last importance that the people should have a religion of some sort, and that the unchurched masses, especially of the colonial English stock, make both our churches and country poorer for the unused mental and moral forces which they withhold from our common civilization both on its ethical and political side. I have stated the problem, and leave its solution to wiser men. It is really the question as to how Christianity to-day is to recover to its fold the unchurched masses of the land such as I have been describing. I simply stand by this old Pilgrim parish, and I see some things plainly. The people here will not go back to their old meeting-house, as it is or was; I had almost said, as it might be made to become. Neither Methodist nor Baptist, Unitarian nor Universalist, could come here and gather more than a sprinkling from the unchurched. The same is true of the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians. Diseases slowly bred are slowly cured. It has taken 250 years to bring things to this pass, and no man can annihilate time in effecting a speedy cure. But any successful attempt at a real reform must be, in its first stages, as it seems to me, both unsectarian and highly secular. Yet it must be a secularity which looks finally to Calvary. The people I have analyzed are, in mental and moral rest, upon a solid basis of this world's affairs and maxims—a material basis, and not the best. They are men to whom the means and names of any form of organized Christianity are an offense. The men who will reach them must first go down and stand among them, and there, in a stripped battle for a better wisdom, spear in one hand, trowel in the other, build first upon secular foundations, until they are led high enough to see new stars of truth, and that there is One Temple not made with hands, wherein is their home.

Forest Devastation

By Charles L. Hogeboom, M.D.

There is a wonderful degree of apathy among the American people upon this subject, and the gravest consequences will follow unless there is a more general and determined interest manifested. The problem has become a serious and vexed one in this State, but it is of far less importance than that presented in the Northwest and South and in British America. The Adirondacks are fast being filched away from the people—for it is the body of the people who are affected in various ways by their destruction. A delusive law has been passed, by which the greater part of the timber valuable for certain manufacturing purposes may be cut down, while smaller trees are seemingly saved. But the falling of the larger trees will break down and otherwise injure the smaller ones, and make the forests full of dry brush and limbs, which, easily catching fire, will cause conflagrations.

The greater question of National deforestation, or, more properly, continental deforestation, must soon be met, or the climate of the United States will be so ruined that extensive poverty among the masses will follow. This is a startling assertion to make while the Nation is rejoicing in the celebration of a historical event with the welcoming of hundreds of thousands of the people of other nations and the mutual congratulations of millions of our own people, accompanied with a display of resources and wealth such as the world never before saw. But facts are facts, and while we have been listening to the booming of cannon and the shouts of joyous millions, there have been scenes of destruction in the far West, and also in the Middle States. Whole regions have been desolated with floods, producing death and a great amount of sickness, and threatening a condition of affairs full of disaster in the future. Tornadoes have wiped out villages and destroyed hundreds of residences with their occupants.

And what has been the cause of all the disaster, and of similar disasters during the last two decades? The answer is a simple one—forest devastation. An amount of forest has been taken from the surface of the earth which was needed for the performance of climatic functions—viz., to enable the soil to retain the rainfalls until they should have time to descend to the streams in the way that nature intended, without, as a rule, producing destructive floods; and also of equalizing electric quantities between the clouds and the earth, a function which Franklin, more than a century ago, proved to be one belonging to tall forest trees when he drew, with his kite, the lightning from the clouds. What vast power must great forests of pines, with their spires pointing up into the sky, possess of equalizing electrical potential, and of silently withdrawing the excess of electricity of the sky down to the negatively charged earth! It has been stated by one of the officers of the United States Signal Service that tornadoes are no more numerous now than they have been for the last two hundred years, and that they are not likely to become so for two hundred years to come. He also asserts that "forests have no perceptible influence in preventing the occurrence of tornadoes, or in assuaging their violence," and produces a table of tornadic storms during the twelve years from 1878 to 1889, inclusive, as evidence favoring his assertions. The yearly average of storms, he tells us, as shown by the table, is about 146, and he concludes from this that there must have passed over different portions of this country "30,368 such storms, from 1682 to 1889 inclusive, instead of 2,600 tornadoes that were actually observed and reported. This would indicate a failure to report 27,678 tornadoes which have probably passed over different portions of this country since 1682."

But this table, which is produced as evidence that tornadoes have not increased in number, is really direct evidence that they have. Taking only this period of actual, recorded observation, viz., twelve years, from 1878 to 1889, as data, and dividing it into two periods of six years each, gives sufficient periods of time for comparison, for the changes of weather do not have to wait till after deforestation takes place; they are simultaneous. Now, in the first half of this twelve-year period there were 676 tornadoes, while during the second period of six years there were 1,093, an increase just about in proportion to the extent of deforestation.

There are other points in Lieutenant Finley's treatment of this subject which must be left unnoticed here, but they may be found in the September number of the "Forum" for 1890, and also in his prize essay on tornadoes of about the same date. It may, however, be well to note that Dr. Hinrichs, of the Iowa Weather Service, criticises Lieutenant Finley's work in the "American Meteorological Journal," Vol. V., p. 341, as follows: "The county of Johnson, where I have resided for nearly thirty years, seems to be

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especially threatened with tornadoes according to Finley's map." "There are long-drawn lines on Finley's map along which a tornado never traveled." Again, he says: "The tornado lists [of the Signal Office] for the other States in the Union are, of course, no more reliable than those for Iowa, and accordingly the 'six hundred tornadoes' of the Seventh Professional Paper of the Signal Service should be cut down to, say, one hundred, or at most one hundred and fifty."

The present Chief of the Weather Bureau, Professor Mark W. Harrington, in an article in the New York "Press" of Sunday, April 16, 1893, entitled "Tornadoes: Their Nature, What They Are, Where They Are, and Why They Are—There is very little Danger from them," tells us that "the area of any State in the region where tornadoes occur, which is actually swept by them in any year, is probably not more than one part in one hundred thousand, and the chance of being killed by a tornado in the same region in a year is not greater than one in a million. The risk is so small that it is not worth borrowing trouble over." Such statements must be very welcome to the forest devastators who are putting hundreds of millions into their coffers every year. But let us look at the condition in which forest devastation has left the State of Michigan. Much of the northern part has been left in a state of desolation, covered principally by stumps, brush, and malarious swamps, over which the heat of summer and the cold blasts of winter alternate, and render the climate, which was formerly noted for its mildness and balmy pine-tree fragrance, more like that of Mongolia and northern China, where, centuries ago, the foolish inhabitants devastated their land, while the Chinese poets were singing the praises of the "Woodchopper." Our own people seem to be under a similar delusion, and ask, with the blandest of smiles, when they hear forest devastation deprecated, "But what are we going to do for lumber if we cannot cut timber?" never for an instant thinking what we are going to do when the forests are all gone, though that will take place in less than a quarter of a century, with the exception of the public parks, which are not a tithe of what ought to be the forest area. And it is a question if the devastation may not be carried to such an extent as to so affect the climate that forest cultivation will be rendered difficult. Certainly, if portions of territory like Oklahoma are to become liable to such tornado visitations as were suffered there last spring, when five tornadoes in one day killed over one hundred people and wounded five hundred more, it will be difficult, not only to plant trees and raise them, but to get prudent people to settle there.

And the poor farmers in the Northwest, at the headwaters of the Mississippi and elsewhere, who are even yet bewailing their losses, and, in many cases, their ruin—can we feel confident that they will have courage enough to continue this yearly battle with floods and storms? But Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—how will they endure the winters and springs when the region to the north of Lake Huron, in Canada, shall be devastated of its magnificent timber, as it seems destined to be, from the fact that 24,000 square miles of timber-land has been purchased by a syndicate, about 12,000 square miles of it being immediately north of Lake Huron? And the people of the Gulf States—how will they be affected by the increase in the number of tornadoes, of which they had a foretaste last spring? Already is the State of Mississippi greatly injured by the awful floods which have furrowed her hills and valleys with deep and irreparable gulches and ravines, and covered her rich bottom-lands, so valuable for the growing of cotton and sugar, with great areas of sand and gravel to a depth which will make it impracticable to ever redeem them—millions upon millions of State and National wealth destroyed, with the entailment of suffering and poverty.

A much further spread of the insatiable desire for riches, and of the fallacy of measuring prosperity by a simple count of heads, without taking into consideration the ability of those heads to think in a rational way, will cause us to wake up some day and find that the patrimony left us by the great founders of our Government is entirely lost.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XX.—*Continued*

When, all being over, the Baron van Rexelaer was preparing to slip away, M. de la Jolais called him back. To Strum the Marquis said: "Wait downstairs, if you please. I may still have need of you." Strum bowed with a grin.

The Baron put down his hat again, greatly flurried. Had the Belgian perhaps heard—through that villain Strum—of the impending bankruptcy? Was he going to offer help? If so, it must be declined, but the offer would render easier and more acceptable the Baron's own proposal—that terrible, inevitable proposal—to which he had been screwing up his courage all day long.

The Marquis waited till they were quite alone—in that quite-alone-ness which does not come until a few moments after the door has been closed. Then he said: "Do you know any cases, Monsieur, in which doctors have been seriously mistaken in their diagnosis of diseases of the stomach?"

"I know very little," replied Mynheer Rexelaer, "about any diseases at all." "He wants to lead up to something," he thought. "I wonder how."

"You will know some day," said the Marquis, grimly, "about one disease—your own. Then you do not think you can answer my question affirmatively?"

"I fear not."

The Marquis had been suddenly elated, he was now as unreasonably cast down. Dying men do not only catch at straws, they see them floating where there is merely a ripple on the water.

"Then forgive me for retaining you. Let me thank you once more, Monsieur, now we are alone, for your great kindness in abandoning to me your beautiful mansion so soon." He closed his eyes.

But the Baron stayed on. "Forgive *me*," he began, "if, before I leave you, I venture—"

But the Marquis, who never consciously interrupted his equals, had not even heard the other speak, so busy was he with his own thoughts. "My heirs must give the place its due," he said.

The Baron was much disconcerted. "I am deeply grateful, at any rate," he replied, "that it will remain in Catholic hands. The Vicomte de la Jolais, I have no doubt, when the effervescence of youth is passed, will make an excellent lord of Deynum."

"The Vicomte will never make an excellent anything, Monsieur. There is one fault for which I know no pardon; it is disrespect and disobedience to the head of the house. For these I have disinherited nearer relations than the Vicomte."

"I do not believe in disinheriting," said the Baron, gruffly. "Family money is family property. For the chance possessor to divert it to strangers is a crime."

"The word is a strong one," protested the Marquis, nettled. "And a woman, then, who disgraces herself?"

"Her children are not to blame for that," answered the Baron, obstinately. "And if the woman be the God-appointed heiress, then that woman, in God's name. Never a stranger; not as long as the blood claim is there."

"Tiens, Madame Cochonnard!" said the Marquis. "Well, perhaps you are right, although it is you—permit me to say so, Monsieur—who have just resolutely excluded Count Rexelaer from Deynum."

The other's face grew purple. "There is no blood claim *there*," he said, vehemently. "Never now—thank Heaven!—shall Count Rexelaer have any connection with Deynum."

Monsieur de la Jolais fixed his eyes upon the speaker's excited face. "I am in doubt what to do," he said, slowly. "Advise me. The poor are one's relations, say the preachers. Why not leave one's money to them?"

"I am a good Catholic," replied the Baron, unhesitatingly,

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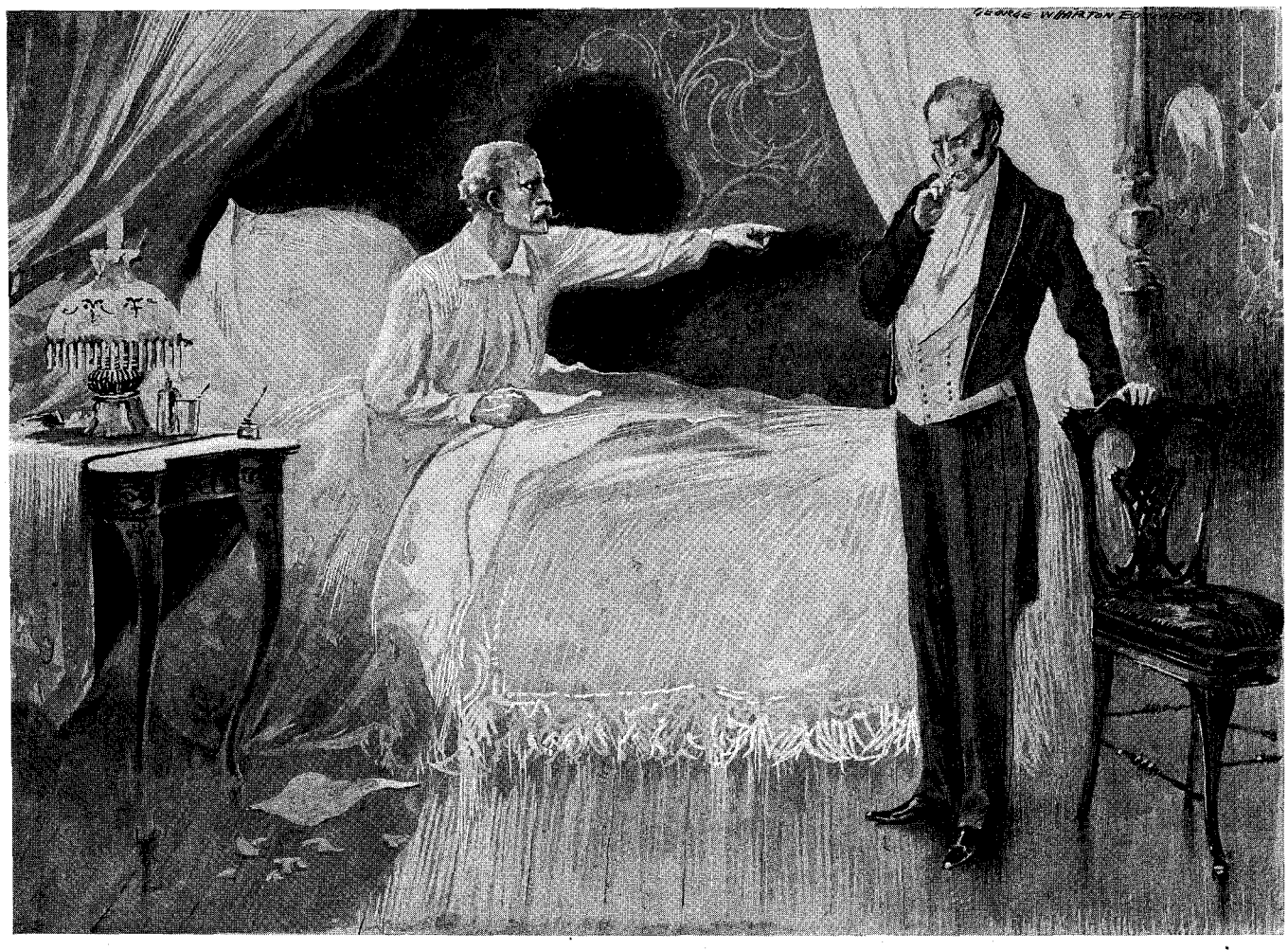

"Swear on the little image!"

"but I would not rob those of my own house to buy a mansion for myself in heaven."

"Well, I daresay you are right, though it is strange that you should be the man to give me this advice. Under all circumstances you think the natural law should take its course? So be it. Making wills is a nuisance; I have always avoided it. I fancy it attracts death. Good-night."

The Baron retained the door-handle in his hand, awkwardly. "There is still one thing," he stammered. "One moment, Monsieur de la Jolais. I—I find there are a number of articles—plate and so on—and—and pictures, excluded as private property, for which I should have no use on my travels. Some of the objects and portraits are very valuable—" He hesitated.

"I am much obliged to you, mon cher Baron," said the Marquis, stiffly. "I wish you had mentioned the subject sooner. Plate marked with your crest, or family portraits, I should hardly require. But we might see later on. Good-night, cher Baron; I am very tired."

He rang for his valet as soon as the Baron had departed. "Send that Notary away," he said; "I do not require him. I have changed my mind."

CHAPTER XXI.

J'OSE!

The results of the unusual fatigue the Marquis had undergone soon made themselves felt. After a short and restless slumber he awoke in an agony of suffering. It was eleven o'clock. He called for Antoine and demanded morphia. The drug was given him, but, for the first time, it seemed entirely to miss its effect. A paroxysm of mingled passion and despair seized hold of him and shook him. Doubtless there was something wrong with the solution. He must have it seen to. He must have a different opiate. He must have a doctor. Till now he had resolutely refused to call in the little practitioner from Rollingen.

A messenger was immediately dispatched with a country-chaise. Then followed a horrible hour of anxiety and fruitless activity for the valet, the sister, all the people of the inn—a ceaseless hurrying to and fro, and whispering, and preparing of various things that were vainly passed from hand to hand. The patient lay among his pillows and moaned.

At last the doctor came. They had hoped everything from him; he could do nothing. The quality of his morphia was inferior to that of the Marquis's. He stood irresolute by the bedside. The sick man motioned him nearer. "Go out of the room, you others!" cried the Marquis. "Go!"

Then, turning to the doctor:

"This is cancer," he said.

The doctor nodded, and replied in a low voice, "So I feared." He was a kind-hearted man.

"I have had these attacks of late. How long will they last?"

"Ah, Monsieur, it is impossible to say. They may—"

"Do not lie to me. The case is absolutely hopeless."

The doctor looked down at his boots.

"Absolutely hopeless," repeated the invalid, with a ring of hope and the faintest interrogation in his voice. He sat up, clutching at his breast. "Answer me. You need not answer. I see it in your face. I have known it for a week, for centuries. Absolutely hopeless." He fell back.

"But, my dear sir," began the doctor in that terrible, encouraging doctor's voice, "you have still many months before you. It is impossible to say what may occur."

"A year?" gasped the patient.

"Oh, most certainly a year, I should say. Very probably more."

"And this pain? It will increase?"

"You must not think too much of the future. For the moment—"

"Thank you," burst out the sick man, with sudden strength. "Go! Thank you! Antoine! Where is that scoundrel Antoine?" He struck his hand-bell till it broke under his hand. The servant came running in. "Get me paper and pen and ink. The quicker the better. Farewell, doctor; my servant will pay you. I am better. The pain is gone. I do not feel it. The paper, you blockhead! In the dressing-case. Be quick." He lay back and

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wrote a few rapid words. "I have never done it before," he said to Antoine when he had finished, "but I daresay it is right like that. You can sign your name underneath: I suppose somebody must witness it. It is valid, I know it is valid. There, I have done my share of the business, and the good God must do his."

The thing was done. In the half-light of the shaded lamp the signatures were appended. The Marquis handed the paper to Antoine. "Take good care of it," he said. "And now, remember, I died of pneumonia. Swear on the little image. Where is it? Swear!"

In the stillness of that strange sick-chamber Antoine swore, trembling, the oath required of him.

"That is right," said the Marquis. "You can leave me. Go downstairs. I am going to sleep."

He closed his eyes, but, as soon as he was alone, he again opened them wide. He stared vaguely into the black distance. "Peut-être," he said aloud.

Then he got up slowly out of bed. It was true, as he had said, that he felt no pain for the moment. But he was so weak that he had to drag himself along the floor. He was old, and white-haired, and very weary. As he laboriously pushed along, he struck his arm against a shaky little table. The costly bouillon-cup upon it fell to the ground with a crash. "Aha!" he said.

He dragged himself towards a black leather bag which lay in a corner. This he opened, and from its recesses he drew a small velvet case. Out of the case he extracted a toy revolver, ivory inlaid, and, placing the weapon against his left temple, he drew the trigger.

[To be continued]

The Spectator

Summer pedestrian tours are somewhat to the Spectator's taste, but when he started to see the World's Fair he little expected that he would be called on to break his "best previous record." Truly Chicago is a city of tremendous if not magnificent distances, and the Fair grounds are characterized by all the generous amplitude of the world's greatest wheat market. Everybody knows the size of the great Exposition buildings—how this one covers thirty-one acres, that one eighteen, this one nine, and so on; how eleven acres of glass were required for making the roof of the biggest building, five car-loads of nails for holding down its floors, how the army of Russia could be mobilized within its walls, etc., etc. But few realize, till they have tried to "do" the Fair thoroughly, what an amount of walking is involved in such a task. To go from the Power-house at the southern end of the grounds to the more distant State buildings at the northern end requires a walk of two miles, unless one is willing to go out of his way, climb stairs, and take the unsightly Intramural Railway through the back yard of the Exposition. The man who trips off jauntily from the Peristyle to the Woman's Building for a satchel checked there, as the Spectator once did, comes back slowly and wearily, heavy-hearted with the realization that he has walked a mile and back. The roof promenade on the Manufactures Building is over half a mile long, and on the day when the Spectator took this tramp, guards compelled every one to keep moving, and on no account to rest—as if the management were determined to train the American people to habits of endurance by direct injunction. It is probable that the average visitor to the Fair has never walked so much in his life before, in the same period, as during the few days usually spent at the great show. This is especially true of the women.

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But while the lack of convenient facilities of transportation to different parts of the grounds is one of the chief faults of the minor details of the Fair, the ingenious visitor may utilize several schemes for saving his muscles. One is to use a wheel-chair. These chairs may now be had at a reasonable price per hour, and no woman, at least, need be ashamed to use one. Another plan is always to walk in an aisle of one of the great buildings when going from point to point, instead of following the paths outside. This may save many a quarter of a mile in the end, if one has a good memory and is not in too much of a hurry. Another plan is to clean up one's sightseeing thoroughly as one goes along, devoting each day to one section and not going twice over the same ground. Probably some systematic people can do this; the Spectator couldn't, and walked perhaps twenty-five miles past exhibits and buildings which he had seen once and did not care to see again!

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There is a curious diversity in the methods of different sightseers in seeing the Fair. Some go into the grounds without any plan, and begin with the first building they see. They wander unhappily around in the midst of things which they do not understand or care for. Occasionally they blunder upon something which interests them, but the chances are that they get out of the building without seeing the really notable things. Some look only for the sensational exhibits, like the man whom the Spectator overheard saying to his friend, in the Art Gallery, "Don't let's stay here, Jim; there ain't much here; these picters are mostly small!" Some go about with a printed catalogue of the "best things," vainly trying to locate them, and generally being disappointed when they do find them. Some go into a selected building at its main entrance, turn resolutely away from any noteworthy exhibit which may confront them in the main aisle, and follow the side aisle to the right, winding in and out as if trying to solve a labyrinthine puzzle, but keeping always to the right, and finally winding up at the point of entrance, proudly conscious of having "done" the building. With proper modifications, this last is a good plan, especially for those who have plenty of time; but its disadvantages are evident in studying the vast collections in the Art Building, where the "keep-to-the-right" man turns away, for instance, from that remarkable study of barbaric virility, "The Cossack's Answer," and devotes ten minutes to telling why he dislikes some obscure sky-picture in the upper right-hand corner next the door!

❀

This World's Fair is evidently the celebration of Democracy. "We the People of the United States" have decreed it, and we are going to see what our servants the architects and artists and artificers have builded for us. The world of fashion does not seem to be represented in the crowds that wander over these vast grounds and buildings. "Our set" is not here—perhaps because the People are. The Spectator asked a friend who is versed in such matters to point out the first stylishly dressed woman she saw. "Style!" was the reply; "you won't see 'stylish' people here; and sensible people, who know how to dress well, know that simple costumes are the only suitable ones in such a place." The faces and the garb are mostly those of plain, honest folk who have all too few holidays, and who mean to make the most of this one. They are the people who do the world's work—such glorious work as is here to be seen in infinite variety, and other work which has made this possible: the farmer and his wife, gazing wide-eyed at the strange sights, and spending their hard-earned savings cheerfully, though they have to pay what seem to them stupendous prices for their amusement; the mechanic and the tradesman, who move about amid the great buildings with a more complacent but not less eager interest; the hard-working professional man, resting eyes and brain by the sight of something out of the beaten way; the young student, drinking in great draughts of the glories of art and architecture; the host of workers of every kind and condition, who come simply for a day's amusement. Plain, genuine, everyday American people are they. They are people who have to be careful of their dollars; and in this great showroom of the world they know they will get their dollars' worth. The Fair management has been criticised because the admission fee does not admit to everything; but any one who comes on the grounds and sees the beautiful Court of Honor, and the stupendous collections in the five great buildings around it, and in the eight other principal buildings, to say nothing of those in the hundreds of smaller exhibition structures, must, if he shares the Spectator's sentiments, feel only the most profound gratitude to the organizing genius which for an insignificant sum has given him an inestimable privilege; and he need spend nothing but the admission fee and still secure more for his fifty cents than he can in any other place on the globe to-day.

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The Home

"The Things of Others"

By Caroline B. Le Row

"I wonder how many people there are in the world—"

Mrs. Matthews, who had slowly pronounced the words, stopped short, looking up from her sewing with a little sigh.

"That would require a mathematical calculation which—"

"Oh, I didn't mean that, of course. Just look here!"

A great basket heaped with clothes from the laundry was on the floor beside her. In her hands was a sheet, and on the sheet an enormous spot of ink.

Mrs. Matthews had just completed her first season's experience in keeping boarders. At the beginning of the summer she had hired a house at the seashore, advertised extensively, interested her friends in the enterprise, and, as a result of tireless industry and energy, had secured several families, about forty persons in all, and, as she said with a sad little smile, "almost cleared her expenses." She roused herself from a little reverie into which she had fallen over the sheet, and went on talking as if talking were a relief to her.

"I've learned more about human nature than I ever knew before," she said, "and I can't say that the lesson has been altogether a pleasant one. I've not only learned considerable myself, but I feel as if I could teach others something, and you know I never before felt competent in that direction. But it wouldn't be reading, writing, or arithmetic to which I should devote myself, nor a single one of the sciences, even if I were familiar with the whole of them."

"Then your teaching would be considerably restricted," I observed, not at all understanding the line of thought she was following.

"Yes, as it ought to be," she replied. "At present, instruction covers too much ground. It spreads out in every direction instead of focusing at any vital point. In fact, it doesn't focus anywhere, and some of our best scholars, so called, are mentally and morally more like the jelly-fish I have seen on the beach this summer than anything else I can think of."

She looked dolefully at the ink-stained sheet upon her lap. "I would use for my text-books just such things as these, and as practical illustrations of the—the breaking of the Golden Rule."

She picked up several towels, and, shaking them out of their folds, disclosed other stains varying in size and color.

"It would be interesting to calculate the amount of needless waste and loss that have gone on in this house this summer—things destroyed, as these have been, just by carelessness and a lack of all sense of responsibility. Look at that, for instance," and she pointed at the ceiling disfigured with an ugly shadow extending several feet. "The window in the room above was left open time and time again for the rain to pour in when the occupants were on the piazza or in the parlor. A whole breadth of the carpet was ruined in that way. You should see the drawing and scribbling which children have been allowed to do on the walls of some of the rooms, and the nails driven into plastering and woodwork in the most reckless fashion. This fly-leaf was torn out one evening for a card-score," and she opened a very elegantly bound copy of Whittier's Poems lying on the table. "Spoilt, to my mind; but there didn't happen to be any piece of paper handy, so this was made to answer. This one," and she drew towards her a volume of Dickens, one of a fine set, "was left out on the piazza all night in a rain-storm and soaked almost through. Two others of the set have disappeared entirely. One was left in some boat somewhere, sometime, by somebody, but as nobody knew where or when, there was not much use in looking for it. The knives and forks, spoons and napkins which have been lost in that way I couldn't keep the least account of, for perpetual picnics caused a frightful mortality among them. And you wouldn't suppose, would you, that a wet bathing suit would be thrown on the velvet sofa in the parlor, and a dripping umbrella left in the corner? As for broken furniture and broken crockery—well, I don't complain of the ordinary accidents of life, which we are often told 'will happen in the best-regulated families.' It is—and that's what I started to say in the first place—that there are so few persons in the world who have enough moral principle—I'm sure I don't know what else to call it—to treat the property of other people precisely as though it were their own. How many are there?"

She paused long enough for me to turn over the question in my own mind; and in view of my years of experience in boarding-houses and hotels, steamers, railroad trains and stations, I was constrained to answer, "Very few indeed, I am afraid."

"My grievance," she resumed, holding up the sheet which she had facetiously taken as a type of her text-books, "is not the abstract spilling of ink. There are worse things in life than the spilling of ink. Any one is liable to spill ink, as well as to lose things and forget things. But the trouble is that the ink-spilling and all the rest of it is done without the slightest regret when the sheet, table-cloth, or carpet which thereby suffers is some other person's property. And therein lies what I should make the pivot of all teaching—an insistence upon the Golden Rule, which in my opinion embodies all the law and the gospels and summarizes the whole duty of man. It is the best sort of reading and writing, as well as the most practical arithmetic in the whole world; as for the sciences—botany, geology, and the rest of them—of what use are the stones which hold together the solid earth under man's feet, or the plants and trees growing around and above his head, if the man himself lacks adequate realization of his moral relations to his fellow-men? The principle that I am talking about shows as plainly in the least as in the greatest—the spirit which will allow a man to ruin a book because it belongs to his neighbor and not to himself, or, in commercial life, which leads him to ruin his neighbor's business in order to benefit his own. Society is permeated with just this sort of selfishness. Our young people seem to be born into the possession of it—selfish by nature, and rendered more so by the education which, to induce them to learn anything, begins in marks and prizes, running on the competitive principle all the way through. When I was a child, I learned for one of my Sunday-school lessons the verse, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others,' and I got so twisted an idea of the meaning as to suppose that I was justified in regarding with envious desire a particularly beautiful shell comb belonging to my sister. That is the benighted notion a good many others appear to have received concerning the divine command. Training in unselfishness cannot begin too early, yet who will attend to the training? Surely not the men and women whose own training in this matter has been neglected. I cannot, for instance, imagine the fathers and mothers of the children who have boarded here this summer doing much work in that direction, but I do feel as if I could do it—at any rate that I *should* do it, if I had children of my own. I should consider it the best thing I could do, even if they grew up in ignorance of how many yards there are in a Flemish ell, how many men were killed in the battle of Cowpens, or the source of the Brahmapootra River. No doubt I'm a heathen concerning some of our prevailing school methods, but I can't help, sometimes, contrasting them—the results actually accomplished with all the modern facilities and years of time—with the things which ought to be done for our growing boys and girls."

She stopped as if she had expressed all that was in her mind.

"And the sheets and the towels and the books, I suppose, are to be reckoned up in the sum total of loss for the summer?"

"Yes, and the damage to walls and ceilings and carpets and furniture. It all counts, and will make a good many dollars' difference to me. Not one of my boarders but would be horrified at the idea of stealing a penny from me—they were most of them cultured and agreeable people—yet have not their carelessness and selfishness, exhibited

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in these ways, practically amounted to downright theft? How little they suspect such a thing! How indignant they would be at such an accusation! Yet it is just such thoughtless, irresponsible ways of doing things that make so much of the friction, loss, and waste of life, so much of its injustice, wrong, and consequent suffering. The ink spilt carelessly, and the monopoly planned carefully—where, in the largest and truest sense, is the difference in the spirit which governs these manifestations of selfishness? I confess that to me they seem identical."

Augustus Improves His Wife's Mind

By S. J. Underwood

The first year that we were married, Augustus and I did considerable reading—that is, he read while I listened. We took up a course in English poetry, commencing with Chaucer and ending with Cowper. There was a roseate glamour over everything, and I used to do dainty bits of fancy-work for the house, into which the beauty and the freshness of the thoughts were woven; the mosaic of Spenser's descriptions covered my mats; Shakespeare's wit and wisdom were threaded in and out through my tidies; and Milton's stateliness seemed even to ennoble the sofa-pillow I embroidered.

Those were halcyon days, and we expected they would last. No denunciation was too severe from Augustus for the woman whose soul could not aspire above the pots and pans of her kitchen, nor for the man who did not share his choicest intellectual morsels with his wife; and I agreed with him perfectly. I remember his sister visited us that first winter, and said that when he lived at home they never could have any pleasant times reading aloud in the family circle, because Augustus was never interested in any book that the others cared for; and I thought, though I said nothing, Poor fellow! how sadly uncongenial his home surroundings must have been! and that now all his life long he should have a companion who could appreciate him—a true comrade; and as soon as I was out of her sight I hummed rapturously:

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

But, in spite of all our high vows, our intellectual paradise did not continue. Augustus is not really poetical in his tastes; the passion of love and a sense that he needed development in this direction gave him this delightful spasm. He is scientific, intensely so, while I have no leaning in that direction, though what I might have done had I continued under his tuition is uncertain. The honeymoon waned; the "single thought" multiplied, as well as cares and children, until at last, though we are counted a congenial couple, we jog along about like the rest of the world, and he spends the most of his time at home in the study, while I am in the kitchen or nursery. But the books that he reads I never open, except now and then when I am dusting them, and even the titles are sometimes incomprehensible. I suppose if I had a great mind, like Mary Somerville or Maria Mitchell, I should have one of these volumes propped up before me when I am kneading bread; but I find them so exhausting that, even when I have a bit of leisure, I ignobly dip into a magazine instead.

But we have not drifted apart thus without some heartburnings and struggles. I can hardly blame myself, and it certainly is not the fault of Augustus: no longer than a month ago he made a heroic effort to place affairs on the old ideal footing. One of the children had a severe attack of croup in the night. Augustus is such an affectionate father that anything of the kind nearly drives him distracted, and he conducts himself so much like a lunatic that it is a great relief to get him out of the house and after the doctor. We were able to thwart the disease, and the little sufferer was soon herself again, but the shock awoke Augustus to unwonted tenderness, and I suppose, dear man! he thought he had been neglectful and would make up for it at once; so, a morning or two after, he said at breakfast, "Will it not be a favorable time this morning, Maria, for us to commence that book I have wanted you to read so long?" "Oh, that will be delightful!" I said, with enthusiasm, and then, deprecatingly, "But I really am afraid that I shall have to forego the pleasure. I had planned to make gingersnaps this morning, and I shall not have another chance this week." (It is necessary for me always to have a supply of gingersnaps on hand, for Augustus enjoys them so much. They were an "institution" at his mother's breakfast-table, and one which he expects will be perpetuated.) "All right," he said, cheerfully; "I will come down into the kitchen and sit; it is cool this morning, and the fire will be agreeable." "But I shall make so much noise," I said; "I cannot help it; it will be unpleasant for you." "Oh, I shall not mind it in the least," he replied; "I am not one of those men whose train of thought is interrupted by trifles. I have work that will keep me until about ten, and then I can read to you for an hour or two."

I went about my kitchen, washing the dishes and preparing the vegetables for dinner, with a glow at my heart. I was touched by my husband's kindness. The book was entitled "Reconciliation of Science and Religion," and was written by a light in the scientific world who had been his instructor, and it was especially interesting to him from personal reasons; but his thoughtfulness in selecting this work, which he had read long before, was very gratifying to me, because I appreciated his motive. I have noticed so many strictures upon the views of Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, from sources that I believe are pure, and more than once our minister has made allusions to scientists which have quite worried me, so that Augustus understands that I am quite anxious lest his faith should be undermined. He scoffs at what he considers my weak fears, but he has often referred me to this book, and I knew that he wanted to reassure me.

I had buttered my tins and put my ingredients into my mixing-bowl, when promptly at ten he came down the back stairs, volume in hand, and took his position near the kitchen table.

He did look so noble sitting there in the new dressing-gown I had finished the week before, and it brought back old times so forcibly, that the flood of memories almost made me lose the opening sentences. I stirred away at my mixture as softly as possible, but every stroke of the spoon against the bowl jarred on my nerves. It is always quite difficult for me to take in readily the meaning of works of this sort, and I frequently have to go over one sentence several times. I asked Augustus to re-read once or twice, but it annoyed him, so I only listened more intently, and said nothing if I did not understand. I had just put my dough on the molding-board, when Mrs. Foster came into the kitchen; she is my next-door neighbor, and never uses any ceremony. Augustus does not approve of her, because he thinks she is such a gossip; and so she is, but she is kind-hearted and an excellent neighbor, and—well, I suppose I am not as averse to hearing a little gossip as I ought to be, having such a high-toned husband—but I wished she was in Guinea just then. She and Augustus both looked sheepish when they saw each other, and she set down the cup of starch which she had borrowed, and, saying that she could not stay a minute, turned again to the door. I followed, for I thought I ought to be civil. She stopped to tell me that the head of the family that had moved in opposite was a detective, and that there was a case of scarlet fever on the next block. Augustus had a resigned look when I returned, but he magnanimously said nothing. In five minutes more the grocer's boy came for orders, but that did not detain us long. It seemed as though my rolling-pin had never made so much noise, and my head began to throb with the effort to listen, and it became still worse when I began the lively process of baking and rolling out at the same time; every now and then Augustus would glance up, as much as to say, "There's a fine passage for you," and I would smile in a vacant sort of way, to show him that I appreciated it. At one place he stopped and enlarged upon the subject in a way which was very interesting, but I knew I ought to look in the

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oven, and I hated to interrupt him, so I waited till he turned to his volume, and then found two tins of cakes burned black. I was so thankful he did not notice it—he is such an economist; but it is very true that he is "not a man whose train of thought is interrupted by trifles."

After the cakes were rolled out, and I had nothing to do but watch the oven, I managed to grasp the thought a little better; but just as I was removing the cakes from a tin, and my attention was momentarily diverted, he turned to me with the exclamation, "There! isn't that well put?" "Yes, indeed!" I said with emphasis; and the lie troubled my conscience for two days thereafter.

Our little three-year-old Isabel, who had been playing in the sunshine on the front porch, now came in, wheeling her doll-carriage. "You must be very quiet if you stay here," I whispered; "papa is reading." The little darling meant to be very obedient, and it was amusing to hear her talking to her doll in pretty, broken accents: "'Oo must be 'till, dolly, and hear papa wead." In spite of myself, I was more interested in her than in the momentous questions which were being settled by her father and his old instructor. I had turned toward the child, and I suppose Augustus glanced up as he had done before, expecting to meet a response on my face, and found me napping. He came to an ominous stop. "Is it possible, Maria, that you are not interested?" he said, coldly. "Oh, yes!" I answered, humbly. "Do excuse me, Augustus, but she is so cunning!" "That is true," he replied, his severity disappearing as he looked fondly at the little prattler; for, as I remarked before, he is a very affectionate father.

The cakes were now all out of the oven, and I sat with eyes fixed upon the reader, determined that nothing should divert eye or brain; but there came a knock at the door; I answered it; it was a tramp, a villainous-looking fellow, who wanted something to eat. Augustus never allows me to feed these vagrants, and I dismissed him quite curtly, and turned away. He opened the screen-door and followed me into the kitchen; he beat a hasty retreat as soon as he saw Augustus, who has such a commanding presence that even a tramp is affected by it.

I seated myself again, and in about three minutes Isabel, the enforced quiet having become irksome, began to trundle the doll-carriage over the bare floor in a most distracting manner. "Oh, do wait a minute, until I can dispose of this child!" I cried. I took her into the dining-room and brought out some toys which she is allowed to have only on state occasions, and hurried back. The end of a chapter was soon reached, and Augustus announced that he thought that would do for that morning, and disappeared up the back stairs. I thought afterward that I did not express my gratitude as I ought; but I had happened to glance at the clock as I came in from the dining-room, and I was startled to find how near dinner-time it was. Augustus is so punctual, and does not want the time of his meals to vary a minute; so, though it is a great help toward forming correct habits to live with such a person, I am extremely nervous if I get behindhand. Another aggravation was that when I went to set the table I found that Isabel had marred in a shocking manner the face of the handsome wax doll that Augustus's mother gave her last Christmas, saying that with care it would last until she was done playing with dolls. It was all my fault, too, for giving it to her.

Dinner was late, of course. I know Augustus was annoyed, though he was kindly silent on the subject. It seemed as though I never should get my dinner dishes washed, and then I had to go to bed with a nervous headache.

Augustus has never offered to read to me since, nor referred to the book. There are some other subjects that to my mind seem to need reconciliation as well as science and religion, but what troubles me the most is that all these things make it so very discouraging for Augustus.

Doctrine without duty is a tree without fruits; duty without doctrine is a tree without roots.—*Talbot W. Chambers.*

Out of the Sea

A True Story

By Annie A. Preston

In Two Parts—I.

"If they'll agree ter build that air new meetin'-house on Middlehill, where they orter, I'll agree ter dew my part," said Deacon Slocum, in his usual slow, decisive way; "but if they stick fast ter their detarmination ter put it at the head of the old run-down village street, I won't pay a bungtown copper to'ards it."

"I do wish they would not be so obstinate, and go so contrary to reason and neighborly kindness," said Margaret Ann, the Deacon's daughter. "They will drive us into withdrawing our membership, and organizing a church of our own down here at Westbeach."

"Organize a church at Westbeach! ha, ha!" repeated "Cap'n Ben" Kelley, folding up his subscription paper and tucking it carefully into the breast-pocket of his pea-jacket. "How many members would you have to start with, I should like to know, Margaret Ann?—ha, ha!"

"Seven, at least, without any doubt," replied the young woman, evidently a good deal piqued at the caller's mirthful demeanor.

He was a handsome, finely built man, about her own age, and in their young days he had paid her sufficient attention to keep all other suitors at a distance. But after a prolonged fishing trip one autumn the not disinterested neighbors noticed that he failed to resume his friendly relations with her on his return.

He no longer called at the long red farm-house, snugly set into the sunny side of the bluff, on Sunday evenings, or accompanied her home from the various neighborhood gatherings, but at once settled down into quiet old-bachelor ways. Margaret Ann's mother dying about this time, she as quietly assumed her life of usefulness as her father's housekeeper.

If there had ever been any explanation between them, no one knew anything about it, for they very rigidly kept their own secrets. But it was generally understood that young "Cap'n Ben" could bring to his pleasant and substantial home any other girl on the long beach for the asking.

It was equally well known that Margaret Ann had refused more "offers" than any other known woman; but, her suitors all being literally in the same boat, a considerate silence was maintained regarding her capriciousness.

Captain Kelley and Margaret Ann had both belonged to the old village church since early youth, and in the decorous but sprightly social life of the little community they were constantly meeting; but frequently, as in the present instance, some little clash would come between them. Margaret Ann's temper would flash up like a blazing pine knot, and Captain Ben would laugh his teasing ha! ha! that for some reason always seemed to exasperate her, turning the dainty blush-roses of her dimpled cheeks to carmine, and changing her soft blue eyes to sapphire stars. They were sparkling now, to his undisguised enjoyment, as he said, still laughing:

"It is a pity that the burning of the dear old church, that has sheltered its members in unity and love for a century and more, should cause a division. Perhaps you will also build a church over here?"

"Yes, indeed, we will," said Margaret Ann, bridling up a little; "and we will pay for it before the one at the Street is clear of debt; for the God of the sea, who knows our cause to be a righteous one, will assist us, and we shall trust him to prosper us. There are more young people growing up here at Westbeach than at the old village. The Beach is growing fast, while there has not been a new building put up on the Street for years. But we don't ask you to build the new church over here; that would be unreasonable. But Middlehill just divides the distance, and would make the church equally convenient for both villages."

"It would be still more convenient to have a church in

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each locality," laughed Captain Ben, as he went out and ran down the beach to his boat.

As he pushed it off masterfully, Margaret Ann, who stood near the wide-open cottage door watering a pot of English daisies that were turning their round buds to the sun, heard his ringing ha! ha! as if the joke had not yet lost its first relish.

"He laughs like a boy," she said to herself. "His cheeks are as red and his black curls as crisp as when we went to the old academy together. Yet he has a manly, settled look now, and he succeeds in everything he undertakes—except in managing me by laughing provokingly at my ways. He will succeed in raising money for the new church at the Street, whether he has any help from us here or not. But a church is needed here, and the Lord will help us to build one. I will stand by that, I don't care who laughs at me for expressing my belief."

"Just as spunky as ever," soliloquized Captain Ben, as his boat danced over the blue, foam-crested waves. "And she's right about the new church; it ought to be on Middlehill. Perhaps it might be located there were I to advocate that side, but I will not. It would be just like her to get that seven-membered church organized, and if she succeeds it will be a dreary world for me—not to have the privilege of seeing her come into meeting on Sunday mornings, or of hearing her sing in the choir. But if they do organize, of course they can't build a new church. It would be impossible—what am I thinking of?"

After watching the retreating boat, Margaret Ann came back into the living-room with a resolute air, and said: "You start right out, father, and invite the folks to come here to a meeting this very evening. We must take some decided stand right away."

"Yes, we ought tew, to be sure," said the old man, "afore Cap'n Ben sees 'em. He's a mighty takin' way with him—'specially with the wimin folks. I don't see how he happened ter tackle that air 'scription paper, though, onless 'twas because 'twould give him a chance ter call ag'in here at the long red house. It's a master while sence he's ben in here," and the good Deacon peered inquiringly around at his comely daughter.

"Well, he found out his mistake," said Margaret Ann, briskly, glancing far away at the offing where the dip of an oar reflected the sun's rays and showed her the motion of the stalwart arm that she had at one time fondly expected to lean upon during their joint lives.

Some such thought touched her heart at the moment as the boat vanished around the point, but she resolutely put it away, and said eagerly:

"We will build the new church up on the ledge at the end of the bluff, won't we, father? You will give the land, won't you? It will be a house founded on a rock, and a light set on a hill-top. You *will* give the site, won't you, father?"

"Sartin, sartin sure, child," said the old man. "When a meetin'-house is put up on Westbeach, I'll give the land, and do everything else I can turn my hand tew: but you mustn't git *notions* in your head, Margaret Ann."

At the close of that day, as the neighbors, who had responded to her invitation, were seated about the light wood fire—for the spring evenings were chilly—Margaret Ann said, in her impetuous way, "Father will give the land for the site of our new church; *that* is settled."

"In order for to go to work ter build a new meetin'-house, we must prepare the way in ship-shape," said the Deacon, slowly. "We must withdraw from the old church in a reg'lar, decent, peaceable way, and org'nize ourselves reg'lar, and find out how much money we've got, and tell the Lord about it; and then, if he is disposed ter work er meracle ter help us ter build a meetin'-house, the way will be prepared. Ef ye ever thought about it much, the Lord's meracles are allus worked right along the line o' what them folks of old already had. He increased the poor widder's supply of ile arter she got the pots an' vessels ready; he didn't give her money, ner wine, ner merlasses. He jest *multiplied* the loaves an' fishes; he didn't give meat, ner fruit. No doubt he might, but he didn't; he went along in er reg'lar line."

So the few prayerful, zealous souls who were honestly anxious to build a church at Westbeach, because they believed it would be for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, took the old Deacon's advice and went along "reg'lar," although a good deal of time was spent over some details.

By the time the summer sun burned down upon the sands of Westbeach a paper was circulating, headed by the seven members of the new church organization, and asking for subscriptions for a building fund for a church to be erected on the high bluff.

They were a community of small farmers, who eked out a not over-comfortable living by fishing. But they all put down liberal sums against their names, although some said, with tears, as they laboriously appended their signatures and laid down the pen from their toil-worn hands, that the Lord in some unforeseen way would have to furnish them means to pay their subscriptions; and they had faith to believe that he would do so.

Happily, there was not the least show of a feud between the old and new church organizations; friendly relations were kept up, and a spirit of Christian charity prevailed. But when Captain Ben Kelley met Margaret Ann, he always had a teasing remark ready.

"I believe in the miracles of the Bible, of course," said he, "but nineteenth-century miracles I have little faith in. There are marvelous treasures in the sea—some of them I have seen, and some I have not; but I have a good deal more faith in the seen than in the unseen. When I see Margaret Ann's new church, I shall believe in *that*."

He rowed around the point one lowery August day when the haying was at a standstill, and drew up his boat on the pretty sandy beach in front of the long red house, where the restless waves washed the white sands with a gentle, musical cadence. Approaching Margaret Ann, who sat in the doorway apparently absorbed in watching a group of men at work on the sightly bluff above her, he said:

"What is going on up there? Breaking the ground for your new church, eh? I supposed you were expecting an imposing edifice, with cushioned pews and a bell in the steeple, to light down from the sky like an eagle, or to come booming in with a rush and a roar from the Atlantic. Every morning and every evening, when I sweep the horizon with my glass, I say to myself, 'No signs yet of the gilded fish on Margaret Ann's church spire.' It will be an extra fine fish, I reckon. Sometimes I fancy it may have a gold ring in its mouth."

"You had better go and assist our brethren yonder, rather than stand here caviling, Captain Kelley," retorted the young woman; and as her quondam lover started to do her bidding he repeated, with mocking good nature:

"Caviling!—ha, ha!"

The Secret of Persimmon Valley

By William Murray Graydon

In Two Parts—II.

What he saw changed his fear to curiosity. Before him was a narrow piece of open ground, free from bushes. It terminated at the base of a ragged precipice, which rose almost to the top of the mountain. The air was charged with blasting-powder, and in the face of the cliff was a great gap, from which the recent explosion had tossed out several smooth slabs of stone, a bluish-gray in color. Beside these stood the two men, Holbert and Dent, talking animatedly. Close by lay several drills and hammers.

Garth was about to show himself, when a more prudent impulse checked him. He lay still and listened. The first words of the speakers thrilled him.

"Are you sure you don't exaggerate the value of this property?" asked Dent.

"Not a bit," replied his companion. "There is a fortune here for us. Why, this stone is fully equal to the famous Wyoming bluestone, which is used for the pavements of New York, and the mountain appears to be seamed with it for half a mile in each direction. The

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railroad will go right by here, and we can open quarries at a dozen points. The strange part of it is that the seams do not extend beyond this particular tract of land. Only one purchase is needed. It has taken time and trouble to work this thing up, but the end more than pays us. It simply means a fortune, my boy."

"But suppose the old man won't sell, or should suspect something?" suggested the younger man.

Holbert laughed. "No danger of that. He is so poor that he can scarcely keep body and soul together. No doubt the taxes are in arrears now. But I have a little conscience left, and won't rob him too badly. He will jump at an offer of two hundred dollars. I have the cash with me, and a deed of sale drawn up ready to sign. It won't do to waste any time. We'll go right down to the cabin and complete the bargain. He won't suspect anything if we say we're after the timber. Hide those tools, Dent, and we'll— Hullo! I saw a head disappear there."

With an angry exclamation, both men dashed around the rock, and pounced upon Garth just as he was wriggling into the bushes. They dragged him roughly back to the plateau, and glared at him for an instant.

"Did you hear what we were talking about?" demanded Holbert. "Tell the truth, boy."

Garth's flushed and startled face made the question unnecessary. He pressed his lips together, and obstinately refused to speak.

"He knows all about it," muttered Dent. "I recognize the young rascal. He is the chap who sells fish for old Kline. He must have been spying on us."

"The explosion brought him here, I reckon," replied Holbert. "But, all the same, he would spoil our plans if we let him go. I have it, Dent. You stay here and watch him. Don't for the world let him slip away. Meanwhile I'll hurry down to the cabin, and close the bargain with the old man. When the thing is settled, I'll come back."

"That's a clever idea," cried Dent. "I'll do my part. Be quick, though; for some one else may have heard the blast, and come sneaking round."

"All right," assented Holbert. He disappeared in the bushes, and was heard going rapidly down the mountain-side.

Dent was strong and muscular, and far more than a match for his captive. He pushed Garth into the newly blasted cavity, and sat down in front of it, prepared for a long and keen vigil.

Garth knew that escape was hopeless, and it maddened him to think of the villainy that he was powerless to avert. There was no doubt that the unscrupulous men had made a valuable find, and that a fortune was hidden in the tract of barren mountain land. In a short time it would be their legal property. By slick and plausible words Holbert would easily persuade old Peter to accept two hundred dollars for the land that had always been a burden to him and had never repaid a cent of its taxes.

Ten minutes went by—fifteen—twenty. The suspense became unbearable, and Garth fumed with inward rage and indignation. He grew desperate, and felt nerved to attempt anything. "I must escape," he resolved. "I *must*. There may be still time to save the land."

But how was he to do it? He knew the futility of appealing to his captor. Words and persuasions would count for nothing. Suddenly he noticed a steel drill lying at his feet, and instantly his mind was made up. With a quick movement he snatched the pointed tool, and brandished it menacingly as he sprang at Dent.

The man was taken quite by surprise, and dodged to one side. He grabbed at Garth as he brushed by him, and caught the rear of his coat. But the brave lad deftly slipped out of the loose garment, leaving it in his enemy's hands. The next instant he was dashing fearlessly down the mountain-side, risking his neck on loose stones and fallen trees.

Dent followed with equal recklessness, shouting to the lad to stop, and emphasizing the command with fearful threats. But Garth would not surrender now had a dozen guns been pointed at him from the rear. He only sped the faster, and when he reached the valley he turned down the rugged side of the stream.

Dent was equally well acquainted with the locality, and his long legs began to overtake the fugitive. Garth strained every nerve, but the shouts and the crashing footsteps came nearer and nearer, and he felt that capture was inevitable. Suddenly a ray of hope flashed into his mind. There was a bare chance left—a slim one. The spot that he desired to reach was just ahead of him. Here the valley narrowed to a gorge, and between the two steep walls the stream took a leap down a ten-foot precipice, plunging into a deep swirling pool at the bottom. For those who desired to go around this impassable spot there was a foot-path high up on the mountain-side.

The commencement of the foot-path now appeared before Garth, and, dashing past it, he plunged into the stream, alternately leaping and wading as he splashed down the brawling channel between the ascending walls of the gorge.

Dent did not understand this move, but without hesitation he followed the lad, putting on an extra spurt to overtake him. "Stop!" he cried. "It's no use. You can't escape me."

"Can't I?" muttered Garth. "I'll try it, anyway."

He had reached a flat rock that rested on the brink of the fall, and just as Dent came within ten feet of him he sprang in air. He had rightly counted much on the depth of the pool below. He struck with a splash, bobbed under for an instant, and came to the surface without a bruise or scratch. Two strokes brought him to shallows, and as he splashed on down the channel he glanced over his shoulder. Dent stood on the brink of the abyss, shaking his fist in impotent rage. The leap was more than he dared risk.

Garth knew that his enemy would probably follow him by the path, so he hastened down the valley faster than ever. Emerging from a clump of bushes, he nearly ran into Mr. Kenton, who was whipping a promising pool with a fly-rod.

"What on earth is the matter?" exclaimed the startled angler.

In short, jerky sentences Garth poured out his strange tale. Then he started off again.

Mr. Kenton dropped his rod. "Hold on! I'll go with you," he cried. "We'll find a way to baffle these scoundrels. They are clever rogues. I wonder how they knew that the railroad through Persimmon Valley was decided on! Without that the quarry would hardly pay for the working."

Garth was too excited to note the divulgement of this official secret by the railroad magnate. He dashed down the valley, with his companion at his heels. They saw nothing of Dent on the way, and in five minutes they were in front of Peter's cabin. They threw open the door, and stepped in.

The old man sat at a little table. His face wore an expression of joyful content. In one hand was a wad of bank-notes, and the cramped fingers of the other held a pen with which he was about to sign his name to a paper before him. Holbert leaned intently over his shoulder.

"Stop! stop!" cried Garth.

Peter dropped the pen, and looked at the intruders in surprise. Holbert uttered a snarl of rage. A glance told him that his villainy was defeated.

"Leave this cabin instantly, you rascal!" thundered Mr. Kenton, "or the law shall deal with you."

Holbert was too wise to hesitate. Snatching money and paper, he slunk through the door and disappeared.

Old Peter was sorely distressed to see the bank-notes vanish, but when all was clearly explained his sorrow turned to rejoicing. He could scarcely credit the amazing news at first. It seemed too good to be true. He thanked Garth over and over again, and declared that the lad should share his prosperity.

Happily, all proved to be correct. That afternoon Mr. Kenton and Garth thoroughly explored the mountain tract, and found many excavations and openings—all made by the two conspirators—that satisfied them of the existence of large seams of choice bluestone. Meanwhile Holbert

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and Dent had quietly driven away from the village, and were never heard of again.

Mr. Kenton was absent for three days, and when he returned to Barlow Corners he openly announced that a railroad would be built through Persimmon Valley the following spring. He went to see Peter Kline, and offered him a large sum of money for a half interest in the prospective quarries.

The old man pondered the proposal for a few minutes. "I'll agree on one condition," he replied. "Garth Barret must go shares with me on the other half. It's little enough as it is, considerin' what he done fur me, but he's so kinder proud that he won't want ter take it. You persuade him, Mr. Kenton, an' what you ask fur is yours."

It is needless to say that Mr. Kenton did his best. Garth's pride and modesty were overcome, and he consented reluctantly to accept the dazzling gift.

All this happened three years ago. Passenger and freight trains now rumble daily through Persimmon Valley, and Barlow Corners is five times its original size. Two-score of men are employed in the stone quarries of Kenton, Kline & Company, and the firm do a lucrative business. Garth is financial manager, and has an office in Hillwood, where he and his mother reside, surrounded by every comfort and advantage.

Peter Kline lives with them, and makes daily trips to the quarries, where he zealously superintends the work. He has no kith or kin, and some day his interest in the property will belong to Garth, whom he loves as a son.

And all this good fortune and prosperity came to the lad because his kind heart and unselfish nature prompted him to relieve a poor, friendless old man.

Sunday Afternoon

The Mystery of Worship, and Its Effect upon Character[1]

By the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.

A thoughtful man is an enigma to himself; the unthinking may take life for granted, may toss mysteries aside; but to him, a thinker, a seeker after truth, an inquirer into the meanings and the modes of existence, the more he studies himself, the more he marvels. In his physical life, in his intellectual life, in his spiritual life, his thinking and his exploring but astonish him more; and the longer he lives and the deeper he thinks, the more is he convinced that not only in God but in himself is much that is past finding out. Particularly in connection with his spiritual life he encounters mystery. There, the known appears at but one remove from the unknown and the unknowable; the finite fact everywhere tends to shade off into the infinite possibility; the brightest light tends to shut off by its brightness his power of seeing. At length, while religion may be growing commonplace to others, to him the soul's relation to God is becoming almost more wonderful than God's relation to the soul.

As one of the profound and essential elements in the relation of the soul to God, the thoughtful man studies the mystery of worship. What is worship? To some, worship is but another name for church-going, and to such there is no mystery in worship. For church-going is a custom which one falls into by inheritance from one's forefathers, or by choice, or by both. Church-going is a social habit, decorous, respectable, pleasant. Church-going is a duty, to self, to family, to society, to God. But there are also those who broadly distinguish between worship and church-going; who know that the one does not necessarily involve the other; who feel that there is both church-going without worship, and worship without church-going; that the conventional custom is not necessarily identical with the spiritual mystery. To such, worship is a mystery, broad and deep and high. It is an act wrought at the point where the natural and the supernatural blend, where the sea and the sky meet. And not only the act but even the place of worship becomes invested with a unique and beautiful dignity through habitual association with a function so mysterious and so sacred.

But wherein consists the mystery of worship? Not in the place, not in the form, not in the rank or office of the individual who, in the case of public worship, may be conducting the service. These details of place, form, or office are matters of historic association, or of convenience, or of taste. They do not contain the mysterious element; and because of this, those who consider only place or form or office fail to discover the true mystery of worship. The mystery of worship is found in the nature of the act itself, and in the consequences of it upon the true worshiper. The nature of the act is the meeting and the mingling of man's spirit with God's Spirit in Godward thought. Worship is a Godward act of human will, more or less direct and sustained, wrought in co-operation with the Spirit of God. I have the greatest regard for the place and the mode of worship; but only because the act is itself such a marvelous act, it befits us to have places and modes worthily prepared. The place and the mode do not sanctify the act; the act sanctifies them; and the act is *so* sacred that it sanctifies any place and any mode where it truly occurs. Now, we define the act as the meeting and the mingling of man's spirit with God's Spirit in Godward thought. Yet the definition only emphasizes the mystery; the truest, the most constant worshiper is doing something greater than he can explain. He cannot tell you how that meeting comes about, nor why that meeting produces such effects. The act seems, in its nature, only a greater mystery as, with growing powers and widening experience, he becomes educated to a better appreciation of its importance. The more he himself, through worship, lives in touch with God, the more he acknowledges that there is, in the whole process, something past finding out. The mystery of worship is found also in the consequences of the act upon the worshiper. He who knows the act of true worship, who has experience of what it is to gaze upon God with the eyes of faith and holy fear, to pour out the soul toward God not only in petition and pleading, but in the contemplation of Himself; to say, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come"—he knows that worship mysteriously and wondrously affects life. There is an intense incompleteness in him who knows not the meaning of worship. There is also a lack of depth and of dignity in him who will not look upon God. His life seems curtailed and crippled. We give him credit for keenness, or talent, or courage, or maturity of mind, or whatever else he may possess; but we miss in him a certain glory which can be given only in one way—by the light of God's countenance. He is like a fruit that has ripened in the dark and not in the sunshine. We see not in him the reflection of God's face, for he has not lived looking on God's face. He has been intensely interested in earthly things; he has prayed hard and worked hard for success; he has studied himself: but he has not studied God; he has not worshiped God. Against himself, therefore, he has done a wrong. And here and now I do warn any one who, whether from pressure, or from discouragement, or from unbelief, or from the growth of unholy habits, is ceasing to look upon God in those outgoings of the soul which are the breathings of pure worship, that life must inevitably suffer. The decline of worship means the withering of our spirit. If we no longer have that mystic blending of our spirit with God's Spirit, in Godward thought, we lose those mysterious resultants of worship from our own life.

Worship is the true foundation of character, and the true channel of power. It is, I say, the true foundation of character. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It is simply useless to preach conduct to one who is not thinking of God. For God is the Ideal. And what can a man attain to in character who ignores the Ideal? He has thrown away the standard. He has nothing to measure by, except the conventional notions of morality. Worship is the study of God; it is the fastening of the eyes upon

[1] Being the Annual Address before Wheaton Seminary, delivered at Norton Mass., June 28, 1893

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him, till the heart is filled with the splendid vision as with the influx of the tide, and overflows with the cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." The mystery of worship is that that thinking of God forms man's character. While he is thinking of God, God is molding him. This is the secret of the changed life. It is not changing itself, it is not thinking of itself—its eyes are ever toward the Lord, and "with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, it is changed into the same image, as by the Lord, the Spirit." Worship is the true channel of power, as well as the true foundation of character. Whence comes spiritual power? Whence come the courage of faith, the patience of hope, the gifts of ministry? Whence are born those splendid abilities to help other souls in their distresses and humiliations? This is the mystery of worship: that when we forget ourselves in God, we receive most into ourselves; when we lose our lives, we find them. When we break away from our own petty scale of thinking, cast from about us our network of worries, throw away even our knotted scourge of self-flagellation, and go out to look upon the wideness of God; when we cease from our small devices for self-improvement and our hair-splitting self-analysis, and cast ourselves down beneath the shining of God in his strength, as on some high sand-hill by the sea, beneath the blessed midday sun,

> To lie within the light of God
> Like a babe upon the breast,
> Where the wicked cease from troubling
> And the weary are at rest—

that is worship, and that is the channel of power. Our feebleness is swallowed up in His strength; our fears are swept away by the torrent of His love; our dwarfish notions are lost in the measure of the stature of the Manhood of Christ.

> God's Greatness flows around our incompleteness,
> And round our restlessness, His Rest!

I have now considered the Mystery of Worship. I pass to the second part of our proposition: The Effect of Worship upon Character. I shall proceed to show that the tone of our character is determined by the degree and state of our knowledge of God; that we tend to *reveal* in character what we *see* in God; that our influence upon others corresponds with and takes its color from God's influence upon us; that if God means little to us, there will be little of God in our character and influence, and if God means much to us there will be much that is Godlike in our character and influence; that as He is to each one of us, as He appears to our thought, so are we in this world.

Worship is active knowledge of God: knowledge in a state of energy and activity; thought leveled Godward, in the courage of faith, and centered consciously and intentionally upon himself. "We worship that which we know." Passive knowledge of God may be inoperative and substantially dead. Undoubtedly many minds are stored, like old-lumber rooms, with items of passive knowledge concerning God, which are never needed nor called for; which lie—oh! terrible thought—in the waste places of life, gray with the dust of neglect. In such lives, God may theoretically and dogmatically be supposed to mean much, fully enough to satisfy a theological examiner; yet practically to such a life God means little indeed. For the knowledge is passive knowledge, laid away, crowded behind the human activities of life, lost to sight, nine-tenths of the time forgotten. What is God to such a man? Practically little. What, then, can be the power and influence of God working out through that man's character? Practically little. On the other hand, look at the true worshiper. His knowledge of God is active knowledge, knowledge in use, knowledge that bears upon every-day life. He is thinking about God. His thoughts are leveled upon God as the telescope upon the sun. He worships with the direct attention of his mind, of his will, of his affections, the bright mystery of God. To him God is wonderful and beautiful. To him God is an august companion. He walks with God, and therefore he cannot be utterly lonely. He talks with God, in the mystic communion of spirit with spirit. He rests in God, in the refuge of the Everlasting Arms. He commits the keeping of his soul to God, for the tuition of the Comforter. What is God to such a man? Immensely much; practically everything: Alpha and Omega, beginning and ending, first and last; the Well-spring of his deepest life; the Auditor of his most secret and inexplicable thought; the Donor of every good and perfect gift. And what of the character and influence of such a man? They are impregnated with the essence of his prevailing thought; he tends to live out in conduct that power of God which has come upon him; he tends to reveal in character that which he has seen in God; and as to his mind God is, so is he as a man in this world.

It is surely a grand principle and a great law. In presenting it to you this day, and in urging upon you, with all the earnestness I can summon, a fair consideration of the power of this splendid thought, I desire to bring forward, as aids to its better and fuller comprehension, three propositions, plain, simple, and familiar in themselves, which, however, take on a fresh meaning and a solemn glory when we associate them with the circumstances amidst which we meet to-day.

First: *The character is affected by that whereon the mind principally dwells.* It is a very curious and interesting fact that the word "character," which comes over into our English speech directly and without change of sound from the Greek, signifies first the sharp tool with which a seal or a die is engraved, and then the inscription or the object which is cut in the seal or in the die. Our character, then, is the image and the superscription which we cut upon our life; I say which *we* cut, for, however much happens to us and bears upon us from outside causes beyond our control, it is true, in the last analysis, that we determine our own character. We hold the tools which cut the legends on our life, we grave the die, we incise the seal. What are the tools with which we cut character upon ourselves? The tools are thoughts. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The style and the subject of the engraved character depend on the choice of tools and on the manner of their use. The legend on the seal shows what was in the mind of the engraver as he cut with his tools. Here is a seal with a cross cut in it. That cross was the leading idea in the engraver's mind for that seal; and his busy tool translated that invisible thought of his mind into this fixed and visible sign. Character is invisible thought translated into visibility, and fixed before the eye, cut on the life. And the nature of character is affected—yes, is determined—by that whereon the mind principally dwells, by the tools principally used. To an astonishing extent this can be verified by the observation of human life. Even upon so broad a scale as a comparison of nations it is possible to make this verification. Take the African race, while still in slavery, in our Southern States, and contrast it with the New England communities of the same period. As a comparative study of racial character the contrast is appalling: on the one hand, servile dejection, laziness, impurity, and an intellectual life not many removes from imbecility; on the other hand, proud consciousness of liberty, intellectual vigor, industry, social cleanness. What determined this contrast? The respective range of thought. I thank God that thirty years of free thought under the direction of schools like Hampton and of saints like Armstrong have made that African race almost as wondrous a contrast to its former self as New England to the slaves. So, also, between families, as between races, we may by observation verify the statement that character is determined by prevailing thought. Families may be said to have a character, which, engraved visibly upon the collective household life, bears witness to the prevailing tone of thought. Sometimes one longs to escape the conclusions that are forced upon one by those marks of domestic character; often one is gladdened by the unconscious witness borne upon the family life to the high range of thought which must prevail within the circle of its privacy. People tell us what they think by what they are. They may try to mislead us by occasional professions of interest in other thought, but thought is a very sharp tool, and it cuts its own way along, and it leaves its own marks; and, whatever

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may be professed to the contrary, the real thought which is prevailing over a life is what makes the real mark of character. Sometimes the student of character is perplexed for a time by the apparent discrepancy between the legend on the seal—the handwriting of character—and the tool exhibited in the hand of the person. Why *is* that life what I inevitably feel it to be, if it really thinks the great things that it professes to think? Why do I seem to find so little of Christ graven into this life as a part of its character, since it professes to have enthroned Christ as the chief object of its thought? Sooner or later it turns out that Christ was not the chief object of its thought; something else was, and that something else accounts for what you find in the character. On the other hand, there are lives growing mysteriously noble and beautiful. The pattern of character is spreading all over their life in a mode more exquisite than arabesque tracery. They are undoubtedly growing more perfect as they grow older, and must be making use of some wonderful tools. Sooner or later the blessed secret slips out. Christ is much more to them than he once was; they are increasing in the knowledge of God; the Spirit is guiding; the conscious thought of God prevails over long spaces in their living; the beautiful tool is doing its beautiful work; and as He is, so are they in this world.

I pass more briefly to the second proposition: *That there is a law of continuity and progress which governs character.* Of course this is a two-edged law, and, like a two-edged tool, it can cut two ways. Character is a process. It takes time to engrave it on life. A die elaborately cut is not made in one stroke, or in ten strokes, but by hours and days and weeks of slow work. I was sent the other day, as a matter of college business, to inquire into the cutting of a very splendid die, and was told it would take a month of constant work to cut a duplicate. Character is not stamped by instantaneous machinery; it is cut by the hand, with the tools of thought—a process, not an event; and there is a deep and almost terrible law of continuity which seems to govern the process. The workman is not allowed to lay down his tools; he must go on cutting the die—a week, a month, a year, a lifetime. And under the law of continuity he tends to cut the same pattern over and over and over again, incising the stone more and more deeply, cutting almost into its heart. What do I mean? I mean that habits of thought tend to strengthen and perpetuate themselves, and cut their marks more clearly and deeply on life. A man, a woman, tends to think on and on along the same prevailing lines. If they are right, God bless them! If they are wrong, God help them! It is a doom, it is a destiny, that we tend to become more intensely that which in our thought we chiefly are. Read the eleventh verse of the last chapter in the Book of Revelation. Read it always in the Revised Version, and with the marginal reading included, for then only you discover that it is the formula of the law of continuity and progression which governs character: "He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteousness yet more; and he that is filthy, let him be made filthy yet more; and he that is righteous, let him do righteousness yet more; and he that is holy, let him be made holy yet more." This is a two-edged law cutting two ways—cutting from some lives their strength and beauty, cutting from others their weakness and fear. To those minds whose prevailing thoughts are along lines of unrighteousness and along lines of impurity, this law operates as a steady and pitiless destroyer of strength and beauty, pushing the mind along the awful decline of continuity and progress in the things that are base, and cutting away continually from life its precious strength, its God-given beauty. I sometimes wonder if that can be what is meant by the dreadful phrase "the loss of the soul." Is the loss of the soul simply eternal momentum toward the bad? Can hell be to rush on continuously, progressively, from unrighteousness to a blacker unrighteousness; from filth of thought to a deeper filth? What more would one require to give hell! But look on the other side, and see the beauteous law through which the Spirit of God works wherever is a mind whose prevailing thought is along the upward lines of right and holiness. For then this great divine law, like the blessed knife of the husbandman moving over the vine and cutting out everywhere the dead wood and the fruitlessness, cuts from life its weakness and its fear. Thought lifts itself up into the light of God's countenance, grows stronger in its powers of continuity and of progress, tends to be made more full of high and holy energy, and to know less and less of the downfalls and ignominies of the weaker days. And can we not all but see how the bright line of that law projects itself into our eternity, and points us toward the great secret of joy in the coming life? It shall lie in that supreme sense of onwardness, in the ability for service, and in the growth of noble character.

There remain but a few moments for the suggestion of that thought which is contained in the third proposition, viz.: *There is such a thing as the deifying of character*, so that each one of us becomes like what each one of us sees in God, and as He is to us, so are we in this world. The word "deify" means to exalt to the rank of a god. When Christ speaks to us of conduct, his ideal appears to be the deifying of character, exalting it to the rank of God. "Be ye holy, even as your Father which is in heaven is holy." And again: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." No one could suppose that this meant to exalt us into equality with God; but every one may suppose and believe it means to exalt us into such relation of conformity to God that there shall be some true similitude of character, so that as he is we may be in this world. This deifying of character, this being enabled to show in character what we see in God, will come by the Holy Spirit through the channel and instrument of thought. We must so intelligently, so truly, so intently, so habitually think of God that by the deifying of thought (which is the highest form of worship) the deifying of character shall both be made possible and be gradually accomplished, and as he is so we shall be. But our character cannot possibly rise above the level of our thought: if our thought of God is ignoble, or unscriptural, or slovenly, or frivolous, or blindly formal, or totally stagnant, our character will partake of that spurious deification; it will resemble our wretchedly poor thought of God, and become a false light, a flatted tone, an apocryphal Gospel, a caricature. But if we know God as we have the fullest and the fairest opportunity of knowing him, through our blessed Lord Jesus Christ who has shown us the Father, and if we steep our very souls in that knowledge, until thought of God ceases to be a formal act, and rises into a dear and daily companionship, then the deifying of our character will go forward. For God is love, and he that dwelleth in that love, God dwelleth in him and he in God, and *there* is the deifying of character. To go out into every day, silently contemplating God's love, surrounded by the thought of it, led by it afresh within the mystic shadow of the cross—will not that soften and control and change one mightily? Will it not make one gentle and patient and loving and generous and catholic?

And God is holy; he is light; in him is no darkness at all. And to live each day and each night in that light—to do our thinking in it; to plunge our thoughts deeply in it, as we plunge the bunch of wild flowers deep in the spring and let every petal and every frond be bathed; to make our choices in that light; to relate ourselves to all human lives through that light—will not that broaden and simplify and cleanse our mental action and the loves of our hearts? Will not that deify character?

And God is spirit. To him the things which are impossible and dark for men are possible and luminous. He knows the end from the beginning, and to him all hearts are open. He enters our lives, which he has loved from eternity; he will guide us to the end. To live in this broad, calm faith, to breathe this clear atmosphere of a spiritual communion, to believe the reality of unseen things, and to commit without a fear all our most precious interests to his perfect wisdom—will not that give the peace the world can neither give, nor understand, nor take away?

Ah, let us seek to *see* more in Him, that we may *show* more in ourselves, for we are His witnesses, and as He is so are we in this world.

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The Religious World

The Chicago Religious Meetings

On Monday of this week the Parliament of Religions held its opening session in Chicago. We have already given our readers an account of the origin of this great convention of religious leaders of all faiths, and have outlined the main features of the extraordinary programme which has been arranged under the energetic management of the Rev. Dr. John H. Barrows. We shall, from week to week, print letters from a special correspondent at Chicago, recounting the most important events and interesting incidents connected with these meetings. Simultaneously with the Parliament of Religions will be held a series of Congresses of the different denominations in this country. The first of these —that of the Roman Catholics—was in session last week. The number of delegates was very large, and included representatives from Canada, England, Ireland, France, New Zealand, and other countries. Among the speakers were Monsignor Satolli, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand, Bishop Waterson, and many other eminent writers and speakers. The highest point of enthusiasm touched in the convention was when Monsignor Satolli, speaking in the name of the head of the Church, called upon the Catholics of America to go forward "bearing in one hand the book of Christian truth, and in the other the Constitution of the United States." Equally significant were Cardinal Gibbons's words:

In all your discussions be ever mindful of the saying of St. Vincent Lerins: "*In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.*" Happily for you, children of the Church, you have nothing to discuss in matters of faith, for your faith is fixed and determined by the Divine Legislator, and we cannot improve on the creed of Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." But between the calm and luminous region of faith and the dark and chaotic region of error there lies a vast field for free discussion. I should be very sorry that any member of this Congress should attempt to circumscribe this free space by erecting his little fence of *ipse dixits*, and saying to all others: "I am Sir Oracle; thus far you shall come and no farther."

The range of topics discussed was a wide one, including the temperance problem, the labor question, the duties of women, the relation between the Church and the State, missionary work (this subject being treated by the Rev. Walter Elliott in an eloquent address), strikes and arbitration, and many subjects of historical as well as of philanthropic interest.

The Sunday-School Conventions

The conventions recently held in St. Louis brought together the largest assemblage of Sunday-school workers the world has ever seen. On Wednesday, August 30, the first International Conference of Sunday-School Field Workers was held. The seventh International Sunday-School Convention was opened Wednesday evening, the Conference having closed with the afternoon session. The Hon. John T. Harris, of Alabama, President of the last Convention, held in Pittsburg in 1890, presided. A cordial welcome to the city was extended by Mayor C. P. Walbridge. The business sessions of the Convention opened Thursday morning. Mr. Harris, the retiring President, delivered an exhaustive address, dwelling especially upon the importance of work among the immigrants pouring into this country and among the negroes of the South. Reports were then read from the various States and Provinces represented, and officers were elected as follows: President, the Hon. Lewis Miller, of Ohio; Recording Secretary, Mr. Curtis P. Coe, of Texas; Assistant Recording Secretary, the Rev. E. M. Ferguson, of New Jersey. The report of the Statistical Secretary, Mr. E. Payson Porter, showed a gain in Sunday-school membership during the past three years of 1,191,289 in the United States and of 94,150 in the British American Provinces. There are in the United States 121,797 Sunday-schools, 1,303,254 teachers and officers, and 9,688,506 scholars. New York leads the States with 8,558 schools, 122,299 teachers, and 1,050,738 scholars. In the percentage of population in Sunday-school, Delaware leads, with 28.4 per cent. The average in the United States is 17.5 per cent., and in Canada 13.5 per cent. Perhaps the most important action of the Convention was its very emphatic indorsement of the International Lesson system and of the work of the Lesson Committee. All restrictions previously placed upon the Committee were removed, except the instruction regarding temperance lessons imposed by the Pittsburg Convention. On Saturday afternoon the Convention adjourned to meet in Boston in 1896. The World's Convention opened on Sunday afternoon; the Hon. F. F. Belsey, of England, President of the first World's Convention, held in London five years ago, presided. Dr. J. L. Phillips, who was appointed by the first Convention as a missionary to India, gave an account of his work, and appealed for a missionary for Japan. Mr. George Edwards, of London, spoke of the work in Europe, and said that the number of scholars there had increased half a million in three years. One of the most important acts of the World's Convention followed Dr. Phillips's address, in the adoption of a resolution to defray the expenses of a missionary to Japan. On Monday, Mr B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, was chosen President of the Convention with unanimity and marked enthusiasm. The statistica reports showed a total for the world of 227,496 Sunday-schools, 2,239,674 teachers, and 20,158,134 scholars.

Shall the Prudential Committee be Enlarged?

The Rev. Charles F. Thwing, President of the Western Reserve University, has received 125 replies to a letter sent out not long ago to all Corporate Members of the American Board. These replies agree almost unanimously in recommending an enlargement of the present number of Secretaries. With regard to a suggested enlargement of the membership of the Prudential Committee, seventy-two reply affirmatively, thirty negatively, eleven "doubtfully," and twelve express no opinion. President Thwing's questions were asked in the interest of no "party" in the long existing discussion, but formed a purely personal suggestion made with the sole aim of aiding in the adjustment of differences now prevailing. Among the deductions drawn by President Thwing are, that an enlargement of the Prudential Committee would secure greater administrative efficiency, while it would not be a "compromise" or "concession," affect any principle, or rebuke anybody.

The Reunion Conference

One of the great movements in the religious thought of Great Britain is the Reunion Conference which was formerly held at Grindelwald, but which has now changed its location to Lucerne. The energetic head of this movement is the Rev. Dr. Lunn, who was formerly a Wesleyan of prominence, but who has recently withdrawn from that communion, and as yet has associated himself with no other Church. Dr. Lunn is well known as the Chaplain of the Polytechnic, in Regent's Street, London. The Reunion Conference is modeled somewhat on the line of our Chautauqua, only it is not so broad in its scope, being chiefly devoted to the discussion of problems of current interest in religion and philanthropy, with special reference to the reunion of Christendom. "The general purport of the papers and speeches at Lucerne was in the direction of leaving ecclesiastical reconstruction to a later era and of pressing first and foremost for concerted action in efforts to ameliorate the ethical and social condition of man." This was the chief burden of the addresses of the President, of Canon Fremantle, of Professor Lindsay, of Mr. W. T. Stead, and also of most of the shorter speeches. "Federation and not fusion" was the general watchword. Canon Fremantle, who is one of the most advanced, as well as one of the ablest, thinkers in the English Church, took the position that mutual esteem between denominations is not enough. He also showed with great clearness the perils which would result in attempting to merge the existing sects into one great denomination. One head in his address is worthy of special attention. It is called "The Worship of God in the Service of Man." In another place he enumerated five points as steps towards Christian union which should be strongly emphasized:

(1) "The doing away with the national law which forbids any but clergymen to preach in the pulpits of the Established churches, and which forbids ministers of the Established Church to preach in the pulpits of other denominations. I cannot say how vast a benefit I think the removal of this disability would be to the Christian community at large. The spectacle of Dr. Mackennal or Dr. Rigg or Mr. Price Hughes or Lord Radstack preaching in St. Paul's would, I am convinced, do more to break down false ideas as to what Christianity means than any other action or event in the same order of things." (2) "The second thing I would desire is the formation of parochial councils for the furtherance of all kinds of Christian and philanthropic work in common." (3) I would

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propose that Conferences such as that being held in Lucerne should be held in all parts of England wherever there are men and women who wish for reunion." (4) "I believe that it is possible to have common acts of worship and common communion services from time to time." (5) "It would be possible, I think, to have some press-work for combined information in the various localities."

Canon Fremantle was very outspoken on another point—the attitude of the clergy. He held that the ministers of the Establishment should not be afraid of the clerical powers; that they should not be afraid of any hardship which would result from the freedom of the pulpit. He also urged Nonconformists not to stand too much on their dignity when asked to take what seemed to them subordinate services, and that thus the ministers of the Establishment and Nonconformists should co-operate in bringing in a better condition than now exists in Great Britain. We feel that this address of Canon Fremantle is worthy of great attention; it is plain-spoken, and fairly faces the crucial difficulties in the problem of Christian union. We wish that we could give a synopsis of all the addresses which were delivered at Lucerne, but we cannot, and therefore will say that the most of them are contained in the August number of the "Review of the Churches," and that they make that number of a very valuable magazine still more valuable than it usually is. Other addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Glover, of Bristol; the Rev. J. B. Heard; the Rev. Principal Edwards, of Wales; the Rev. F. H. Stead, and many others.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer and His New Church

The history of Christ's Church, Westminster, is inseparably connected with the name of Dr. Newman Hall. Under his direction its splendid edifice was erected, and for many years he was its vigorous and well-known pastor. As he has grown older, however, his ability to carry on the vast and varied activities of such a field naturally diminished. With a wisdom very uncommon, he recognized that he was no longer able to do the work which had been done and which needed to be done, and therefore he began to look around for a suitable successor. Newman Hall never showed more greatness than when he selected for that difficult position the Rev. F. B. Meyer, pastor of Regent's Park Baptist Church. Mr. Meyer had been a Baptist, but never in any sense peculiarly devoted to the doctrines of the denomination. He does not believe in infant baptism, and we are informed does not practice it in his new pastorate, but with that exception he finds himself quite as much at home in a Congregational as in a Baptist church. The great audience-room of Christ Church is already well filled, and the different agencies for doing good are already fully equipped and in active operation. Especial attention is given to the "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" service, when the church is thronged with men. The work of Christ's Church differs from that of many churches in London in that there is directly around it a local constituency. Dr. Parker's church depends for its audiences upon the whole city, and Westminster Chapel, which has by far the largest and finest auditorium of any Congregational church in England, must also draw from long distances. Mr. Meyer has wisely adjusted his methods to the locality in which his church is situated, and his first year's ministry has been one of great prosperity. He is well known in the United States, having been at several of Mr. Moody's meetings at Northfield, and having elsewhere done evangelistic work. The problem of the city church seems to be in fair prospect of being solved in London, by the very simple device of adapting both services and methods to the people among whom the church is situated.

Gleanings

—The Ohio Synod of the Presbyterian Church will take up the case of Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., on appeal from the verdict of guilty of the Cincinnati Presbytery. The Synod meets at Cincinnati October 10.

—The Supreme Court of New York State has issued an order authorizing the American Home Missionary Society to change its name to the "Congregational Home Missionary Society," the change to take effect on and after the 1st day of October, 1893.

—The London "Christian Commonwealth" of September 15 contains an interview with the Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., illustrated by a portrait, a sermon delivered by Dr. Bradford in King's Weigh House Chapel, and editorial comments on Dr. Bradford's visit to England in which the editor introduces Dr. Bradford as one of the most eminent ministers of the Congregational churches in the United States, and expresses pleasure that "the Atlantic is no longer a serious obstacle to the free intercourse of the Americans and our people."

—The Rev. John Cunningham, D.D., LL.D., who died at St. Andrew's, Scotland, on September 1, was born at Paisley in 1819. He studied at the University of Glasgow for four sessions, and subsequently sat under the instruction of Sir William Hamilton, Professor Wilson (Christopher North), and Dr. Chalmers in Edinburgh. After completing his theological studies in Glasgow, he was licensed as a preacher in March, 1845. In 1859 he published "The Church History of Scotland," in 1868 "The Quakers," in 1874 "A New Theory of Knowing and Known." He wrote also for the "Edinburgh Review," "Macmillan's Magazine," and the "Westminster Review." He received the degree of D.D. from Edinburgh in 1860, and that of LL.D. from Glasgow in 1886.

—Dr. Morris, of Lane Seminary, has published a card in which he says:

Since the adjournment of the last Assembly, the Board of Education has sent out a private circular to the students under its care in this institution, and also to all seniors under its care in colleges, and to the Chairmen of the Committees on Education in the Presbyteries, informing them that no one studying in Lane will be granted any financial aid from the Board. Whatever may be the design of this action (of which I have learned but very recently), its practical effect would be the enforced closing of this Seminary for lack of students, inasmuch as a very large proportion of the students here are persons aided through this Board. I do not propose to discuss this extraordinary action at present, though I have very *strong convictions respecting it. I desire now simply to say* publicly, what I would have preferred to say privately, especially to the seniors in colleges to whom this warning has come (whose names I have not been allowed to know), that they need not be deterred by this warning from coming to Lane Seminary, if such is their personal desire. I can assure them of a cordial Christian welcome, and of as much financial assistance as they would be entitled to receive in any other Seminary of our Church.

—The eighty-fourth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held at Worcester, Mass., in Mechanics' Hall, beginning on Tuesday, October 10, 1893, at 3 P.M., and closing Friday noon, October 13. The annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. A. J. Lyman, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. In accordance with a recent vote of the Board, entertainment will be given most cordially to the following classes of persons: Missionaries and assistant missionaries of the Board, theological students, officers of the Board and of the Woman's Board, and corporate members and their wives. All others, including ministers and honorary members who desire to attend, will, so far as practicable, be assisted in procuring places of entertainment, either free or at a reasonable price, on timely application to the Committee of Entertainment. Particulars regarding railroad rates and entertainment may be learned by writing to Mr. G. W. Mackintire, Secretary of the General Committee of Arrangements, Worcester, Mass.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Charles F. Carter has resigned the pastorate of the College Street Church of Burlington, Vt.

—Clarence T. Brown has received a call to the permanent pastorate of the First Church of Salt Lake City, Utah.

—P. H. Moore, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, has received a call from the church in Saco, Me.

—C. D. Borton has become pastor of the church in Pittsford, Mich.

—W. A. Gay, of Corry, Pa., has received a call from Perryville, Conn.

—C. L. French, of Ashland, Wis., accepts a call to Crete, Ill.

—E. M. Cousins, of Cumberland Mills, Me., has resigned.

—G. S. Pelton, pastor of the church in Higganum, Conn., died on September 6, at the age of forty-nine.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Thomas Corbett, recently of Prince Edward's Island, has accepted a call from Hope Church, South Framingham, Mass.

—J. W. McCallum accepts a call to Carlisle, N. Y.

—F. S. Crawford, of the Homewood Avenue Church, Pittsburg, Pa., has received a call from Lindley Park.

—Richard Turnbull has resigned the pastorate of the Second Avenue Church of Detroit, Mich.

—James Thompson accepts a call from the Immanuel Church of Grand Rapids, Mich.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Edward G. Selden, of the South Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., has accepted a call from the Madison Avenue Reformed Church of Albany, N. Y

—William Pressey, of Wrentham, Mass., has accepted the rectorship of St. John's Chapel (P. E.), Ashton, R. I.

—W. B. Matteson has resigned the pastorate of the Normal Park Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., and accepts a call to Owosso, Mich.

—August Guenther was last week installed as pastor of the German Reformed Church in Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—A. J. Miller, of Asbury Park, N. J., has declined a call from St. John's Church (P. E.), Wilmington, Del.

—David Sprague, of Amsterdam, N. Y., has received a call from Grace Church (P. E.), Amherst, Mass.

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Books and Authors

The Creation of the Bible[1]

During the administration of Mr. Jefferson, at the beginning of the present century, when party feeling ran very high, and the law of libel was held *in terrorem* over the head of every political writer, it happened that a certain anonymous Federalist in the city of New York felt called on to write a biography of the President. It was printed in two volumes; but just at that stage of proceeding the printers took the alarm, and brought the book to a well-known Federalist lawyer for his opinion. He read about twenty pages, and informed his clients that, in his opinion, there was, on the average, a "libel" to every page. Upon this, the book was suppressed; and it is probable that the only extant copy is, or lately was, in the possession of the present writer.

We had not read very far in "The Creation of the Bible" before we became impressed with the fact that, if it does not contain a "heresy" on every page, there is at least a fair sprinkling of them in every chapter. Our immediate impulse was to congratulate the writer that he is not a member of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, or, indeed (having long since sundered his connection with the Presbyterian Church), of perhaps any other Presbytery in the land. Very short work would doubtless be made of him, not merely by professional heresy-hunters, but also —in sorrow more than in anger—by all bona-fide subscribers to the Westminster standards. We are equally sure that no reader who is capable of appreciating independent and vigorous thinking about the Bible, expressed in terms of the calmest and most undoubting conviction, and in a style whose terseness and simplicity make the reading a pleasure, can help feeling a strong admiration for the writer. Affirming opinions which vary widely from the received orthodoxy, he is troubled with no doubts whatever as to his loyalty to the truth. He is an unquestioning disciple of the school of evolution, and, having applied this doctrine in his previous work ("The Continuous Creation") to the production of nature and man, he applies it now to the making of the Bible. His obligations to Kuenen, Wellhausen, and other liberal critics he frankly admits; but it is Wellhausen popularized, dressed in strong idiomatic English, and speaking not only with perfect frankness and the calmest indifference to traditional religious opinion, but with a simple and reverential spirit. There is not a harsh or polemical word in one of the chapters. Mr. Adams is too entirely confident of the truth of his own conclusions to think it necessary to affirm them with any heat or vehemence. He might appropriate to himself the favorite text of the "Newmaniacs," and say, *In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.*

The general character of the book is the entire and unhesitating dismissal of the supernatural from the whole range of Bible history. In fact, there is no such thing as the "supernatural." Whatever occurs, or has ever occurred, has taken place under the operation of positive and necessary law; and whatever, in Bible history or any other history, claims to have happened through an infraction of the laws of nature, is a delusion or a fraud. Prophecy, therefore, is an impossibility.

"An impetuous and almost frantic zeal," says Mr. Adams, "has been awakened in the heart of many prophetic enthusiasts with reference to the fulfillment of prophecy. They have searched the Scriptures and found the predictions; and, having already in mind the fundamental proposition that the Scriptures are all and altogether from the infallible wisdom of God, they have proceeded to predict the regathering of scattered and lost Israel, the coming of the Son of man in the clouds of the sky, the rapture of the saints, the confusion and condemnation of the wicked. This arises from the notion that prophecy is a miraculous gift; that it is apart from the laws that govern thought and judgment, and that the prophets could view the far-off future; whereas the prophets are simply the men who perceive the tendencies of things, and the inevitable consequence of the decline of morals and of responsibility. They can look into the future; but they are governed by the laws of thinking. They are liable to make such mistakes as Ezekiel made, or other political prophets who undertake to forecast the future."

In short, the Hebrew prophets, according to Mr. Adams, were like any of our own political seers, who undertake to announce beforehand certain coming events, and who turn out to be right or wrong according to the measure of their political sagacity. Mr. Secretary Seward, for instance, in announcing first that the South never meant to fight, and, when the fighting had actually begun, prophesying that it would be only a ninety days' affair, is much like Jeremiah or Ezekiel predicting the reunion of the divided tribes, or the restoration of Israel to their native land. On the other hand, Mr. Lincoln turned out in various instances to be a true prophet.

This will serve to exhibit sufficiently Mr. Adams's way of treating the entire supernaturalism of the Bible. Every event it records, claiming to be miraculous, or outside the ordinary laws of nature—special judgments or special blessings, the incarnation and the resurrection of Christ —is calmly and reverentially dismissed as fabulous. It must be regarded as a momentous result of the higher criticism of our times that what would have been treated a century ago as a blasphemous attack on the truth of Divine Revelation is now seriously exhibited as its best vindication and necessary defense. In the successive chapters of this book the "creation" of the Scriptures is traced. The traditional sources and legendary elements contributing to its composition are given; the editorial work of Ezra, the scribe; the figurative and poetical materials; the Greek and other influences shaping the various writers' mode of thinking; and, towards the close of the volume, a searching criticism of the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse is presented.

[1] *The Creation of the Bible.* By Myron Adams, author of "The Continuous Creation." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A Dozen Novels

When Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in taking leave of Alan Breck and David Balfour at the end of "Kidnapped," hinted that he could, if but he would, tell further of their adventures, he made a half-promise for the fulfillment of which the lovers of stirring romance have been clamoring, lo, these seven years. At last their patience is rewarded by *David Balfour.* The sub-title is so appetizing that we must give it in full:

The Second Part: *In which are set forth his Misfortunes anent the Appin Murder; his Troubles with Lord Advocate Grant; Captivity on the Bass Rock; Journey into Holland and France; and singular Relations with James More Drummond or MacGregor, a Son of the notorious Rob Roy, and his Daughter Catriona.*

The story carries out admirably the promises of its predecessor and its title-page. We find Alan Breck as sturdy, egotistic, affectionate, and thoroughly Highland-man as before, and only regret that we do not have more of his company. David becomes a man, and his character is stronger and closer-knit. He still has the misfortune constantly to place himself in the greatest danger of life and reputation for affairs which are really none of his, and his load of trouble inherited from the earlier book (*in re* James Stewart and the Appin murder) keeps him in hot water to nearly the end of the present story. The best of the story, it seems to us, is the part which deals with the contest of wits and determination between the Lord Advocate Grant, a crafty lawyer and deep politician, and the simple but obstinately honest David. With the end of the trial the story of David Balfour turns from adventure and politics toward love, and we must confess that the last half of the tale does not equal the first in interest. It has often been said that Mr. Stevenson is not happy in depicting women. In this novel he has one clear and clever portrait of femininity—but it is not Davie's sweetheart, the demure and mystifying Catriona, but rather the merry, harum-scarum Barbara Grant, daughter of the Lord Advocate. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

There are several points in common between Mr. Edward Fuller's *Complaining Millions of Men* (Harper & Brothers, New York) and Mr. Edward King's *Joseph Zalmonah* (Lee & Shepard, Boston). The novel published in Boston deals with New York poverty and suffering, its scenes being laid among the

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Polish Jew cloakmakers who live in the vicinity of Hester and Baxter Streets; the novel published in New York has its scene in part laid in Arragon Street, a Boston quarter resembling our East Side districts, and its hero is a Hungarian Socialist. Both books would be better if they had less of the melodramatic in their plots. So far as they deal with problems of labor and capital, Mr. Fuller may be classed as on the capitalists' side, Mr. King as on the laborers'. Neither story does anything in the way of solving the problems raised. "Joseph Zalmonah" is, however, most likely to do good because—apart from its love-story and melodrama, both of which are crude and unpleasing—it is an immensely earnest presentment of the suffering and despair of the sweater-ridden exiles from foreign tyranny, who find here that, as Joseph says, they are not yet out of Egypt. As a realistic picture of the social and religious customs of Russian Jews in New York Mr. King's story is also interesting; he has certainly made a very close study of the subject. Joseph, the leader of his people, has some resemblance to Joseph Barondess; Ben Zion has the oddest possible likeness to the immortal Zagloba in Sienkiewicz's Polish novels; both are capitally drawn characters. Mr. Fuller, on the other hand, takes his Frank Baretta from Arragon Street to Beacon Street, and his descriptions of Boston high life are not strong. We notice that a Boston paper declares that some of the characters are ill-humored and ill-bred caricatures of well-known Boston men and women. However this may be, we are sure that their talk is often tiresome in the extreme. Baretta, the son of a Hungarian barber, is taken up by society under the impression that he is of noble birth. His exposure, humiliation, and suicide are the main incidents of the plot.

Books about the life of the Hindu multiply, and the remarkable thing is that so many of them are well done. To the list of readable books of this kind—such as Kipling's stories, Sara Jeannette Duncan's "Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," and Edward Carpenter's "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta"—must be added Mrs. F. A. Steel's *From the Five Rivers*. Here are ten tales which remind one at times of Kipling, but do not in the least reflect his methods. The phases of Indian life which Mrs. Steel dwells most upon are those peculiar to the women and children—the strange and mournful condition of the child-widow, the domestic customs of the wives, the school life of the children. Perhaps "At a Girls' School" is the most curiously interesting of these story-sketches. There is genuine art in the working out of the slender threads of comedy, pathos, or tragedy of the stories. The feeling left in the reader's mind is that the author has barely touched a fascinating subject which she is fully competent to develop more fully in the future. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

An Innocent Impostor gives the title to a collection of short stories by Maxwell Grey, author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and "The Last Sentence." They are amusing enough in an old-fashioned, farcical kind of way, but make not the least attempt seriously to develop characters or deal with human motives. Either they are the writer's early and immature efforts or they are "pot-boilers." (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The same publishers send us a translation of two of M. François Coppée's stories, under the title *True Riches*. They are more didactic than is usual with the author's work, but are ingeniously constructed, and convey their moral—that richness and happiness are not synonymous terms—in a pleasant and graceful way.

The old story, older than Horace's "Mother more charming than thy charming daughter," is related anew in a refined and blameless English, under the title *From Out of the Past: A Story of a Meeting in Torraine*, by Emily Howland Hoppin. There is all the delightful indecision and perplexity that one always likes in this story, and then there are sunny skies, an environment adorned with the beauties and reminiscences of art, history, and literature. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Dorothy the Puritan: The Story of a Strange Delusion, by Augusta Campbell Watson (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), is a charming tale of old Salem days. The witchcraft fanaticism furnishes situations for the story, but does not otherwise intrude; which is a proof of the discretion of the author, since the New England episode with witches has of late been a little overdone. The characters in the story, Dorothy Wentworth, Elizabeth Hubbard, and the Holdens, are presented with distinctness and developed with verisimilitude.

There is a large class of readers to whom the announcement of a "detective story" is extremely welcome. They will find *A Conflict of Evidence*, by Rodrigues Ottolengui, to their taste, for it is an ingenious story of a mysterious crime, and of the theories and maneuvers of two detectives. Waiving the lack of literary skill and likewise the glaring improbability of the plot, the novel is a good one, in its way. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A love story wherein there is the customary exasperating perversity of the chief characters, the usual cross-purposes and agony of souls, broken hearts, and a final happy conclusion, is *Suspected: A Novel*, by Louisa Stratenus (D. Appleton & Co., New York). The story has a German tone, although the scene is laid in Holland. A mysterious crime produces complications which run throughout the story, and add a little piquancy to a tale somewhat too often told. The persons who move through these pages are of a clay not common upon this side of the Atlantic.

The anonymous social study, *The Bread-Winners*, which created so much interest on its first publication ten years ago, has just been reissued by Harper & Brothers, of this city, in their "Quarterly" series. The anonymity is still preserved. We could have wished the authorship had been disclosed, if only to confound the many literary impostors who have claimed it.—— Stephen Grail's *The Nameless City* (also from the Harpers' press) is so frankly and joyfully the product of a riotous inventiveness, untrammeled by possibilities or literary restraint, that no one can criticise it seriously. The author has invention but not imagination.

Literary Notes

—Miss Marie Corelli's new romance, "Barabbas: A Dream of the World's Tragedy," will be published by Messrs. Methuen & Co. in October.

—Pierre Loti is said to be planning a camel journey from Cairo to Jerusalem in the early winter, reaching the latter city in time to spend Christmas there.

—A new volume by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, entitled "An Old Town by the Sea," which will appear this autumn, relates to Portsmouth, a town of which he has often written in his stories.

—The London "Times," in a review of the "Memoir of A. Bronson Alcott," credits Emerson with the authorship of Lowell's "Fable for Critics," even quoting therefrom several extremely un-Emersonian lines.

—Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper, the well-known author and journalist, wife of Colonel Robert M. Hooper, for many years the Vice-Consul-General of the United States at Paris, died in that city on August 31.

—Among the autumn books of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will be two new volumes in the American Men of Letters Series—"James Russell Lowell," by George E. Woodberry, and "George William Curtis," by Edward Cary.

—Charles Scribner's Sons announce "With Thackeray in America," by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., containing 121 illustrations by the author. The same firm will soon publish a volume in memory of the late Noah Porter, which has been prepared by friends of the former President of Yale.

—Among the announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s autumn publications is that of "Twenty Years at Sea," by Frederic Stanhope Hill, editor of the Cambridge (Mass.) "Tribune." In this story Mr. Hill draws largely upon his own experience in the merchant service, and in the navy throughout the Civil War, when he took part in the stirring fights under Farragut and Porter.

—Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of this city, will shortly publish "The Pilgrim in Old England," by the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., which is "a Review of the History, Present Condition, and Outlook of the Independent (Congregational) Churches in England," and consists of the Southworth Lectures for 1892 at Andover Theological Seminary. This book will be published in London by James Clark & Co. The same firm announces a new edition of "The Interwoven Gospels and Gospel Harmony."

Books Received

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK

The Sermon Bible. Colossians to James. $1.50.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Brown, Anna Robertson, Ph.D. What is Worth While.
Miller, J. R., D.D. *Young Men*: Faults and Ideals.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Collar, Wm. C., A.M. School Classics. The Seventh Book of Vergil's Æneid. 50 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Hope, Anthony. Half a Hero. (A Novel.) 50 cts.
Harper's Quarterly. The Bread-Winners. A Social Study. 50 cts.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK

Hurlbut, Jesse L., and Robert R. Doherty. Illustrated Notes on the Sunday-School Lessons. 1894.
Leslie, Emma. Lady Marjorie. 80 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Roberts, Charles G. D. Songs of the Common Day. $1.25.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Brontë, Charlotte. The Professor. $1. Vol. VII.
Brontë, Charlotte. Poems. $1. Vol. VIII.
Smith, Goldwin. The United States.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., NEW YORK

Haydn, Hiram C. Brightening the World. 35 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Stevenson, Robert Louis. David Balfour. $1.50.
Grant, Robert. The Opinions of a Philosopher. $1.

W. H. WHITE & CO., EDINBURGH

Countess of Aberdeen. Through Canada with a Kodak.

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

The Stock of Gold

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wish you would show what the statistics *now* show as to the balance of gold left for monetary uses. Your reference to Soetbeer only comes to 1885. Are there any later statistics? If so, how late? and could you cite them? If the gold single standard is wrong, there needs to be work done against it, or our Nation will settle down to that. Works that are authority on these questions would now sell. How can I get the Soetbeer-Taussig work? Where is it for sale, and at what price? And also Giffen?

AMOS STECKEL.

Soetbeer's latest conclusions, as reported in the proceedings of the International Monetary Conference last year, were as follows:

One could not demonstrate by figures the incorrectness of the hypothesis that in recent years the industrial use of gold, together with the needs of Oriental countries and for private hoards, had materially arrested the increase of monetary stock and had very probably absorbed the annual production of the metal; but proofs are equally lacking to support the contrary hypothesis.

Put into English, this means that Soetbeer had, in the last few years, become uncertain whether the non-monetary uses of gold did not absorb the entire product of the mines. The Soetbeer-Taussig work was published in the United States consular reports for 1887, and can probably be had free if at all. Mr Giffen's book is published by George Bell & Son, New York and London.—THE EDITORS.

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The Unit of Value

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your editorial comments upon Mr. Walker's defense of the gold standard are some propositions of which I cannot see the proof. You say, "The same amount of money ought always to represent the same amount of products." Why? The value of all products varies as the cost of producing them varies. As we find means of substituting the energies of nature—wind-power, water-power, steam-power—for human labor in the production of a given commodity, the cost of that commodity is diminished, and its value in the markets sooner or later falls. If the cost of producing the gold in a gold dollar increases, while the cost of producing a ton of steel or a bushel of wheat decreases, I see no reason why a dollar should always purchase the same amount of steel or wheat. W. H. A.

By "the same amount of products" was meant the same amount of property, real or personal. If the productiveness of all forms of labor should increase 100-fold, the owners of all existing property, except credits, would simply retain their present possessions. There is no reason why they should pay any larger proportion of them to the holders of credits. The wealth of the latter ought not to be increased by law.—THE EDITORS.

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Reading-Matter Wanted

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Allow me to say to numerous inquiries in response to my request in The Outlook of July 1, that any kind of healthy literature will be appreciated. Quite a lot of books and periodicals have been received from various points, ranging from Massachusetts to California. For a time I tried to answer each kind inquiry, but time forbids that I shall acknowledge each contribution and inquiry separately. For general information, I will say again that all shipments to Minco, Indian Territory, via Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway, cannot go wrong. Cloud Chief is the county-seat of Washita County, Oklahoma, seventy miles west of above-named point. The matter of shipping expenses is becoming quite a burden to me, and I would appreciate all help in this line that contributors may feel able to give. Don't hesitate to ship on this account, however, as some way will be provided from my scanty income to meet such expense. I hope to be able to do good work with the matter placed at my disposal, and have in view the organization of a library association for the preservation, care, and distribution of literature sent us. This will be called the Hardy Library Association, in honor of Mrs. M. E. Hardy, of Unionville, Ohio, who contributed the nucleus of what promises to be (for this section) a collection of no mean proportions. Address me simply,

(Dr.) J. D. BALLARD,
Cloud Chief, O. T.

—

A Good Idea

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May I not appeal through the columns of your paper for aid—either in money, books, or periodicals—in the establishment of a reading-room, with classes of various kinds, in a hamlet of fifteen hundred workers in a large iron and steel mill, where there is now absolutely no other place of resort than the omnipresent saloon?

I wish to establish something similar to Dr. Greer's St. Bartholomew's House, and the people here are but little disposed to give very liberally for a scheme so unheard of in this manufacturing section.

I should be pleased to correspond with any who are interested in work of this kind.

(Rev.) W. H. BURBANK.
Bellaire, O.

II.—Notes and Queries

1. Do the thinkers of the New Orthodox school believe in a literal day of judgment? I have an impression that they interpret the phrase as a figurative reference to a spiritual experience of the individual soul. If so, what of Matt. xi., 22, 24, and many similar utterances of Jesus? 2. Do they believe in "the end of the world"? 3. And in the second advent of Christ? PILGRIM.

1. Opinions vary, and we cannot answer for all the "thinkers" of the "school" referred to. Many, however, have discarded the idea of a "general judgment" of all mankind on a single "day," and regard judgment as a perpetual divine process, whose crises, or days, are continually coming both on individuals and communities—each individual coming to such a day of judgment at his death. The text you refer to they explain on the above principle. 2. Their idea of the "end of the world" is given by the marginal reading of that phrase in the Revised Version, as "the consummation of the age;" that is, the ripening time of the judgment process in any age or period of the world. Compare Rev. xiv., 15–19. Such a consummation, or end, was the judgment which fell upon Judaism in the overthrow of Jerusalem. 3. Their idea is that it is spiritual, not spectacular—a progressive coming in spiritual power till the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdom of Christ.

I am on a committee preparing a course of study on the Old Testament for a class of grown-up students. We constantly have recommended to us such books as "The Bible for Learners" and the works of Kuenen and Knappert. I am not perfectly satisfied with these. I should wish for something to put on our list which would not run in quite so narrow a groove of thought. Some of the assumptions in "The Bible for Learners" seem hasty and insufficiently supported. L. F. C.

The works you name represent an extreme type of thought. Somewhat more conservative are Professor Robertson Smith's volumes on "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church" and "The Prophets of Israel." Professor C. H. Toy's "Old Testament Primer," quite as extreme as Kuenen, contains valuable references to everything worth reading on the subject. Instead, however, of trying to cover so much ground, you might do well to make more detailed study of a limited portion of the field, as in Professor G. A. Smith's "Book of Isaiah," or Professor Briggs's "Messianic Prophecy."

Do you know of any aid to systematic study of the Bible better than the "King's Household of Bible Readers"? As the name suggests, you *read* (instead of study) the Bible all alone and with no helps. W.

We cannot speak from personal knowledge of the method referred to. Systematic study of the Bible may be on various lines, according as it deals with the Book as a whole, or with its component books separately, or with the various subjects treated of. In the first mentioned of these three, which is probably the one you are following, there is nothing better than the Revised Version itself, coupled with a parallel reference edition of the Authorized Version, together with Smith's "Bible Dictionary."

1. In what magazines or journals did Mr. Richard Harding Davis's Van Bibber Stories first appear? 2. Also state any facts about W. E. Henley, the poet, that are of interest. C. C. G.

1. In "Harper's Magazine," we believe. 2. Mr. Henley is one of the younger English poets and critics. His writings are of too recent a date to have secured him a place in the biographical dictionaries. He has written for several of the best English reviews and literary weeklies. Among his books are, "Views and Reviews," "Song of the Sword," "Lyrica Heroica," and "Three Plays." In the last-named book he wrote in collaboration with Robert Louis Stevenson.

Where can I find a complete bibliography of foreign missions? What is the best library on missions, and by whom is it published? X.

Both needs you will probably find answered by a recent Cyclopædia of Missions, published in two volumes by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. For any want in this direction, write to the A. B. C. F. M., 121 Bible House, New York.

CLEVELAND'S
PURE & SURE
A Woman
can throw out with a teaspoon more than her husband can throw in with a shovel. A good many wives are made better housewives by using
Cleveland's
Baking Powder
This claim is based on economy. Cleveland's saves a little each time; besides, everything is light, sweet and appetizing. No soggy biscuit or cake to be thrown away.
Pure & Sure.
BAKING-POWDER

Praise is Good
For any medicine you hear about, but to be made well by its use is still better. My only regret is that I did not take Hood's Sarsaparilla earlier. I have for many years suffered with an irritable itching all over my body, and my left leg swelled and became so sore I had to give up work. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me immediate relief when I began to take it, and I am confident it has driven all disease out of my
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
blood and given me a perfect cure. In the future Hood's Sarsaparilla will be my only medicine."—W. O. DUNN, 21 Lamson Court, Kansas City, Mo.
HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

An Ideal Train for the World's Fair

The "Exposition Flyer" is what the New York Central call their twenty-hour train between New York and Chicago. The distance between these two cities is very nearly one thousand miles, and a train must needs be a "flyer" to make the trip in the time named. This train leaves New York at noon, and is not overtaken by darkness until Syracuse has been left behind, the beautiful Hudson River and Mohawk Valley being passed in daylight. The rising sun sheds its rays upon the "flyer" just a little west of Cleveland, Ohio, where the road skirts the shores of Lake Erie. The many scenic delights of this route, as well as the magnificent train service, induce many World's Fair visitors to go via New York City.—*Dixie.*

The Central Route to Chicago

Now that the travel to the World's Fair is beginning to assume large proportions, the wisdom of the New York Central management in providing for it so far in advance is becoming apparent.

The new equipment, comprising elegant Wagner palace sleeping, drawing-room, buffet, and dining cars, handsome new coaches, and powerful engines, has proven ample to handle the increased business without any discomfort or delay. The great twenty-hour flyer, the Empire State Express, and the other limited trains of the Central are the wonder and admiration of the world of travel.

Reduced rate excursion tickets to Chicago and return are on sale at all offices.

If You Don't Watch Out

you will miss the greatest opportunity of your life to visit the World's Fair at the lowest prevailing rates, via the popular route, the Nickel Plate. The shortest, cheapest, and best line between Buffalo and Chicago. Express trains, palace sleeping-cars, and superb dining-cars. *Lowest rates.* Read the papers, call on nearest ticket agent for tickets, and take the popular line for Chicago. Address F. J. Moore, 23 Exchange Street, Buffalo, N. Y., for map.

All-American Line

The popular Nickel Plate fast express trains, through sleeping-cars from Boston and New York to Chicago, elegant dining-cars, low rates, and polite attention, make this the most popular line between the East and West. For all information call on nearest ticket agent; or address F. J. Moore, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

TOURS

CHICAGO.—Special arrangements for seeing and enjoying the World's Fair, Niagara Falls, and Washington. A personally-conducted party going Sept. 26. For particulars address Mrs. M. A. Crosley, Springfield, Mass.

ROUND THE WORLD AND HOLY LAND—Select Excursions leave New York for Round the World Westward, Sept. 27 and Nov. 21.—For the Holy Land, Jan. 16 and Feb. 17, 1894.
H. GAZE & SONS, 113 Broadway, N. Y. (Est. 1844.)

RESORTS

California

LOS ANGELES: The Hollenbeck
Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by A. C. BILICKE & CO.

Colorado

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.: The Antlers
Illustrated book, describing Colorado Springs, sent on request by E. BARNETT, Proprietor.

Illinois

Before engaging accommodations for your "WORLD'S FAIR" Trip, investigate

"THE LINDEN"
(Woodlawn Park)
Only six blocks from the grounds. Choice residence and prohibition district. Permanent stone and brick building; good restaurant; everything first-class and charges moderate. Beautifully illustrated pamphlet and map of grounds on application. Address
E. W. NASON, 238 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS—The Chicago Theological Seminary opens its buildings as a Home for Christian people at a uniform rate of Fifty cents per day, one person in a room; or Seventy-five cents for two persons. Address Henry W. Chester, 81 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Minnesota

HOTEL RYAN, St. Paul, Minn.—Leading hotel of the city. Cuisine of superior excellence. Fireproof. Service unsurpassed. *Rates, $2, $2.50, $4, $4.50, and $5.* EUGENE MEHL & SON.

Maryland

THE ST. JAMES HOTEL,
Charles and Center Sts.,
(European Plan.) **BALTIMORE.**
THE ALBION HOTEL,
Read and Cathedral Sts.,
(American Plan.) **BALTIMORE.**
These hotels, situated in the most fashionable section of the city, offer exceptional advantages to families and tourists. Send for illustrated souvenir guide to Baltimore.
GEO. F. ADAMS, Manager.

New Hampshire

JACKSON, N. H.
The Iron Mountain House
will remain open until late in October. Finest location in the Mountains; accommodations for one hundred guests; house thoroughly heated by steam. Special rates for September and October. Write for circulars and diagrams to W. A. MESERVE, Manager.

MELVIN VILLAGE, N. H.
A few nice people wanted from Aug. 20th through September. Good accommodations and home comforts. A small family would be pleased. **TWIN OAKS FARM.**

SUNSET PAVILION
NORTH CONWAY, N. H.
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Aug. 22, Sept. 12, & Oct. 10, 1893,
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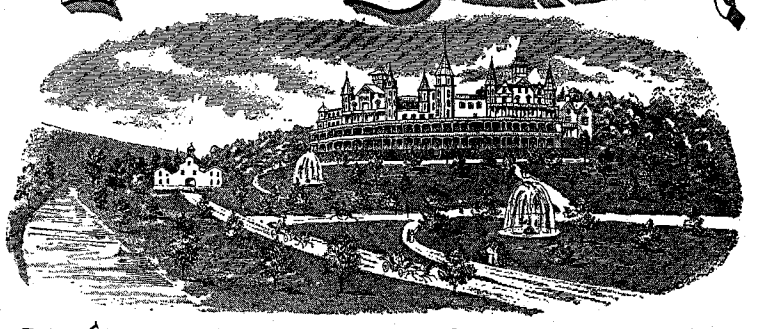

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Financial

The call money market reflects the increasing volume of money here, and rates are low, with funds plentiful, but the more important feature is found in the time money market, of which we spoke in last week's column. The bankers and trust companies are putting out time money freely at 6 per cent., urged by the feeling that in a brief time money will be a drug, rates low, and they will find a very reluctant market. They are probably wise in anticipating such a state of things, and in doing just as they have determined to. The Bank of England managers are evidently fearing a renewal of gold exports to this country, for they retained the 5 per cent. rate for discounts on Thursday, instead of lowering it in response to the London market's open rates, which are down to 3½ per cent. The change was expected, and so its failure to come was somewhat of a disappointment. Railroads are showing up poorly in earnings yet, especially in the Southwest and Northwest. The Eastern lines are, in the meantime, doing well, because they are carrying large lines of cereals to the seashore, taken from central elevators at the West. While, owing to the scarcity of currency hitherto, the farmers have started but little to market to replenish the removals, an almost immediate change for the better in this respect is now looked for. Some unfavorable corn crop reports have been circulated during the past week, but these can be taken with large grains of allowance. The cotton crop will be a feature from this time on in its movement to market, and the export movement will result in increasing the volume of sterling bills in the market, which is already large, for our imports of merchandise are falling away, while our exports are gratifyingly on the increase.

The Government revenue has fallen off so heavily as to threaten a large deficit, due largely to decrease in imports, and the question is becoming a very urgent one as to what can be done to offset this reduction of income. The most conservative course would undoubtedly be to bridge over the interval of lean revenue by the negotiation of a loan—which would serve to bring us more gold, and would replenish the Treasury at the same time; and, with our $1,100,000,000 or more paper currency, we ought surely to have a greater gold reserve.

The share and bond markets have continued to advance for most classes of stocks and mortgages during the week, and so persistently as to prove a surprise to many of the speculators; but it must be recalled that a great many shares and bonds, both, have been absorbed in this period of low prices, in odd lots, by the public, and there is really a scarcity of many descriptions of the investment classes of these.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$3,200,100
Specie, increase	2,400,400
Legal tenders, increase	2,077,900
Deposits, decrease	222,400
Reserve, increase	4,533,900

This gives the banks of the city a surplus reserve of about $3,000,000; this is the first time in months that the banks have had a surplus.

WALL STREET.

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Reserve for Reinsurance and all other claims	**2,541,873 61**
Surplus over all Liabilities	**141,428 86**

TOTAL ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1893,
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TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, OWNERS, AND OCCUPANTS OF HOUSES

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Bits of Fun

Madam Rumor seems to have no trouble in getting currency.—*Dallas News.*

"It's funny about bridal pairs. They are not like other pears at all." "Why not?" "They're softest when they are green."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Groom—I can't see that check your father placed among the wedding presents. The Bride—Papa is so absent-minded. He lit his cigar with it.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Do you believe in a lucky star?" "Of course I do. I know one policeman whose beat includes eight fruit-stands and seven saloons."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Customer (in book-store)—I would like to get some good book on Faith. Clerk—Sorry, sir, but our rule is to sell nothing to strangers except for cash.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A financial journal has an article on "What Makes Stocks Unsteady," but it fails to enumerate the chief cause. They have taken a drop too much.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind; but when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses any one I ever knew."—*Tid-Bits.*

Neighbor—Does your father rent that house you live in? Boy—No, indeed. It's his own house, every bit of it. It's been bought and paid for and insured and mortgaged and everything.—*Exchange.*

Wool—After starving for twenty years, old Potts conceived an idea which resulted in making his fortune. Van Pelt—What was it? Wool—Changed the sign over his shop from "Junk" to "Antiques."—*Truth.*

A lady told a party of friends that she had quarreled with her husband, and had planted a tree in memory of this their first falling-out. "What a splendid idea!" whispered another lady in her husband's ear; "if we had adopted that plan, we might have had by now a fine avenue of trees in our garden."—*Der Schalk.*

He was a very young preacher, holding forth for the first time he had ever appeared in a large city. As he came down from Park Street pulpit, in Boston, Deacon Farnsworth grasped his hand, and thanked him for his good sermon. He flushed with pleasure, and modestly remarked: "I wish it had been better." "So do I," replied the Deacon.—*London Christian World.*

How Insects Make Music

Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid Here, says a writer in the Washington "Star," it is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing-cover is a thin, membranous plate. He elevates the wing-covers and rubs the two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder-blades together, you could imitate the operation very nicely.

Certain grasshoppers make a sound when flying that is like a watchman's rattle—clacketty-clack, very rapidly repeated. There are also some moths and butterflies which have voices. The "death's-head" moth makes a noise when frightened that strikingly resembles the crying of a young baby. How it is produced is not known, though volumes have been written on the subject. The "mourning cloak" butterfly—a dark species with a light border on its wings—makes a cry of alarm by rubbing its wings together.

The katydids, crickets, grasshoppers, and other musical insects are all exaggerated in the tropics, assuming giant forms. Thus their cries are proportionately louder. There is an East Indian cicada which makes a remarkably loud noise. It is called by the natives "dundub," which means drum. From this name comes that of the genus, which is known as dundubia. This is one of the few scientific terms derived from the Sanskrit.

The "death-watch" is a popular name applied to certain beetles which bore into the walls and floors of old houses. They make a ticking sound by standing on their hind legs and knocking their heads against the wood quickly and forcibly. It is a sexual call. Many superstitions have been entertained respecting the noise produced by these insects, which is sometimes imagined to be a warning of death.

Entomologists have succeeded in recording the cries of many insects by the ordinary system of musical notation. But this method does not show the actual pitch, which is usually several octaves above the staff. It merely serves to express the musical intervals. It is known with reasonable certainty that many insects have voices so highly pitched that they cannot be heard by the human ear. One evidence of this fact is that some people can distinguish cries of insects which are not audible to others.

In Turkey

The Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association of Aintab, Turkey, are both under the charge of one General Secretary, and use the same rooms, although meeting separately. A year ago the two associations had two hundred members; they now number three hundred, and the work has grown so that the need of larger rooms is strongly felt. The work of the fifteen committees has been very fruitful; the Sunday services, and especially the prayer-meetings, have shown excellent results. The attendance at the general services has been upwards of two hundred, and at the special services from one hundred and fifty to two hundred young people, on an average, have been present. The juvenile departments have grown very rapidly, and the membership for both sexes has increased during the year from two hundred and fifty to four hundred. There are three grades—for those from seven to ten, from ten to thirteen, and from thirteen to sixteen; and meetings are held every Sunday forenoon. In connection with the Associations there is preaching in the hospital three times a week for those who attend clinics, and it is estimated that from seven to eight hundred, of different nationalities, are reached every month in this way. A few years ago but little interest was taken in the work; but now the people feel it to be indispensable, and the churches are reaping from it the best of fruits.

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"Standard Lead Co. Strictly Pure White Lead. St. Louis."

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Oxide of Zinc	34.18 per cent.	& Bro.,
White Lead	6.46 per cent.	St. Louis.

Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

Misleading Brand
"Pacific Warranted Pure [A] White Lead."

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
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Oxide of Zinc	45.04 per cent.	New York.
Barytes	50 68 per cent.	

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"DAVIS-CHAMBERS" (Pittsburgh)
"ECKSTEIN" (Cincinnati)
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About People

—Mrs. Annie Moore, President of a National bank at Mount Pleasant, Tex.—and the only woman who fills such an office in the United States—is said to possess remarkable business tact.

—The last surviving pensioner of the War of 1812 on the records of the Chicago agency is dead. He was Benjamin Churchill, of Galesburg, Ill., and was nearly one hundred years old. He was a private in the New York Militia, his birthplace being Alexis, N. Y.

—Dr. Adolph Stoecker tells a Chicago newspaper that his mission in this country has nothing to do with an anti-Semitic crusade, or with anything of a social or political nature. He expects to remain in Chicago three or four weeks, and his only public utterances will be evangelical sermons.

—Ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer has presented to the city of Detroit, for park purposes, a farm of one hundred acres which was entered by his grandfather in 1820, and has been owned by the family ever since. Twenty acres more are to be added to the park when a boulevard shall have been completed.

—Professor Max Müller and his wife have lately been on a visit to Constantinople, where they seem to have won the heart of the Sultan. They were invited to partake of a farewell luncheon, during which various scientific matters were fully discussed. Before parting with his guests, the Sultan gave Professor Müller the golden medal of the Order of Merit, and his wife also received an honorary Order.

—Mr. Bishop Ash, of Irasburg, Vt., arrived home recently, having taken the longest carriage-ride of any Vermonter, and possibly of any man in the United States. He left town sixteen years ago and drove to Minnesota, thence to Oregon and to the Pacific coast. He started for Vermont again seven months ago, crossing the continent in a covered wagon drawn by two Indian ponies. He stopped at Chicago, and was admitted free as an exhibit. He made the journey from Chicago to Irasburg in forty-three days.

—Vegetarianism has made a distinguished convert in M. Francisque Sarcey, the great French dramatic critic. He has written a letter to a Paris paper describing his experiences, in which he says that he is only a "moderate" vegetarian—that is, he eschews only meat, and admits eggs, butter and cheese, milk, and fish to his regimen. He finds that he is in much more vigorous health and in better working condition than before. The first week, he says, is rather hard to bear, but the benefit is soon felt thereafter.

—Mr. E. T. Cressey, who was recently "relieved" from the post of Assistant Librarian of the Senate, received on the same day the thanks of the Senate for a special service he rendered last year. He had occasion to prepare a catalogue of the books in the Senate library, which involved a search among 40,000 volumes in the basement of the Capitol. While doing this Mr. Cressey unearthed seventy-nine missing volumes of public records, including the missing Senate Documents of thirteen Congresses, and the missing House Documents of nine. This discovery makes the Senate library the most complete in the world for reference as to the proceedings of Congress, putting it ahead of the Boston Public Library and the British Museum, hitherto its great rivals.

—The Prison Association of New York will hold a series of Conferences on the third Thursdays of the fall and winter months, beginning with October 19. They will be held in the library of the Association, at 135 East Fifteenth Street. The subjects will be those connected with the most practical management of prisons. The first will be on "Prison Diet, in its Relation to Health, Discipline, Morals, and Economics." Model dietaries will be presented for discussion, and the ablest experts in the country will take part. The full programme will be issued October 1.

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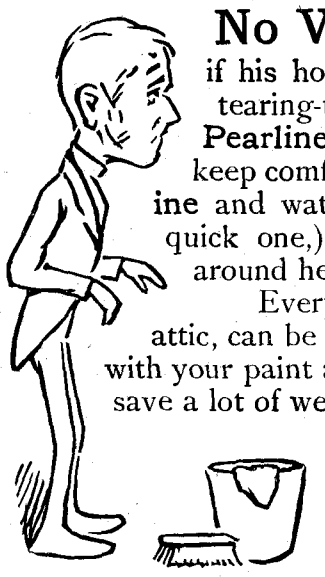

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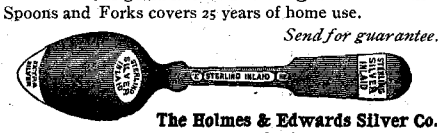

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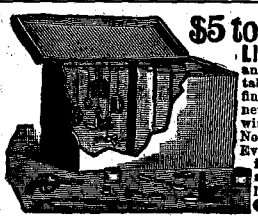

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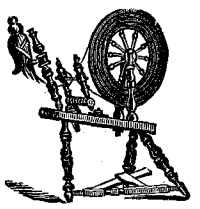

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